The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1673 FEB. 13, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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AS GOOD AS WHISKY CAN BE!
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—then take
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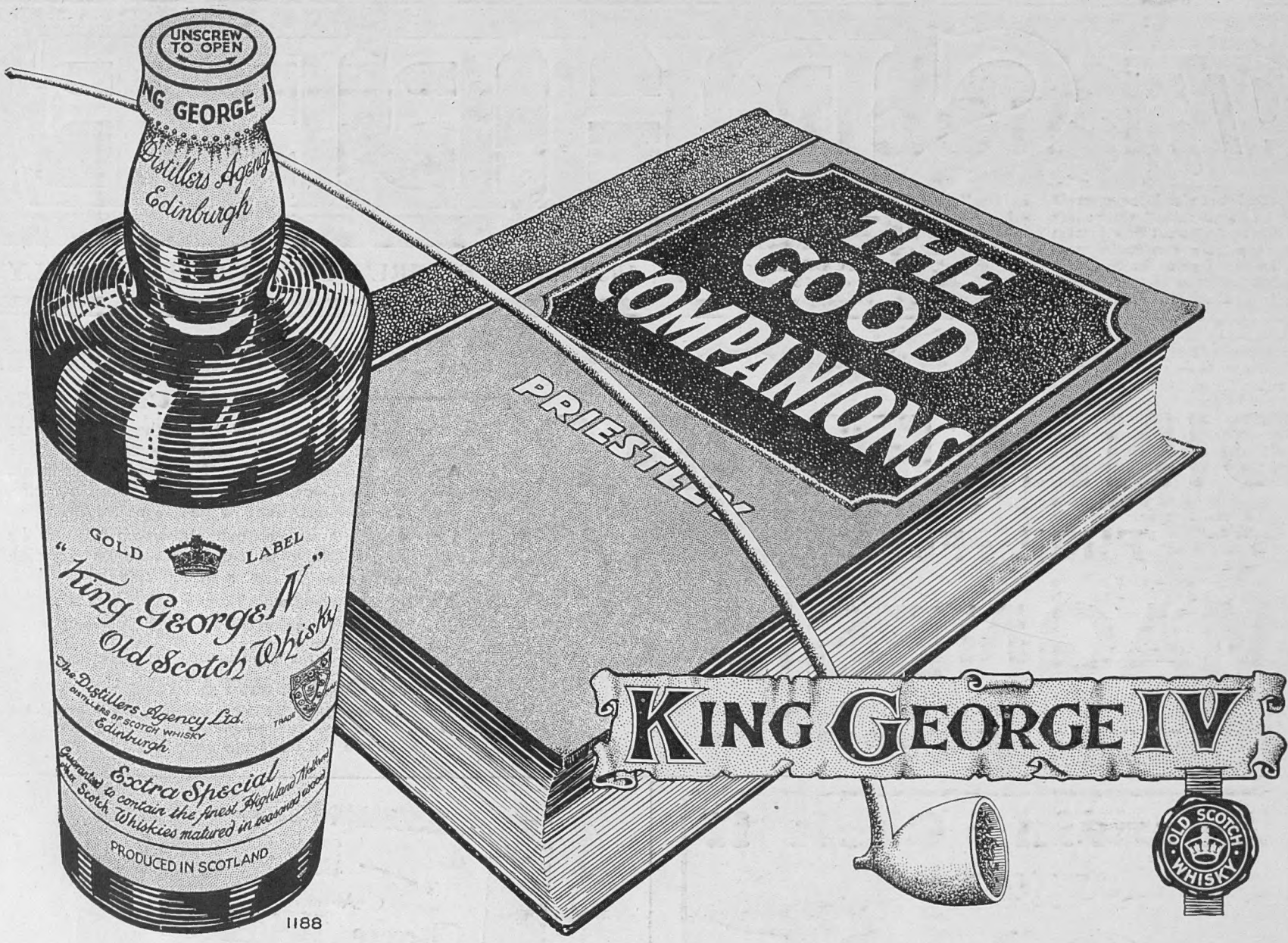

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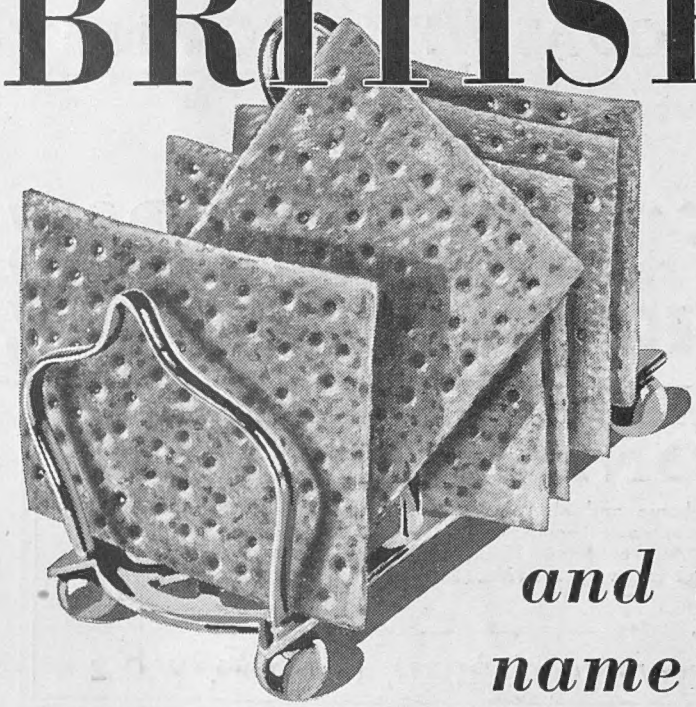

and its name is

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1793 1932

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the hair, was first made in 1793. It has been used by the public in ever-growing numbers for 139 years, which surely is proof of its deserved position as the leading hair preparation of to-day.

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Maconochies make it.
All good grocers sell it.

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

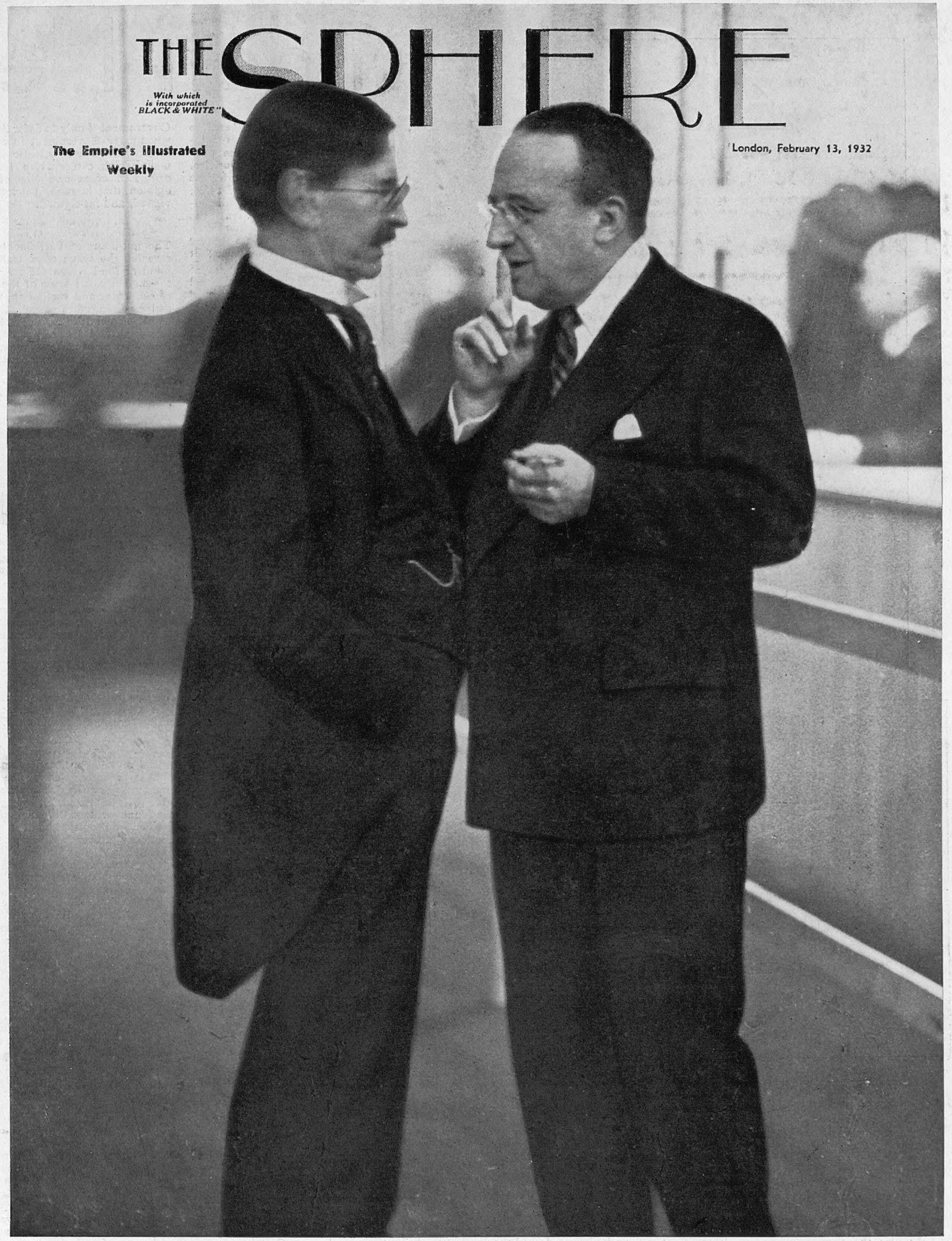
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. London, W.C. 2

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 13, 1932



SILENCE IS GOLDEN!

Senator Claude Swanson and M. André Tardieu, whose Countries are Gorged with Gold, Indulge in a "Hush-hush" Chat

Despite the fact that the days of the old secret diplomacy are said to be at an end, the new open tactics are capable of personal modification, as is evidenced by this study of the U.S. and French representatives at the Disarmament Conference. As we go to press, France has suggested that the League should be rendered effective by the creation of a powerful force—a policy of armament rather than real disarmament, quite in line with the Gallic theory of "gold and steel"—and Britain, backed up by the U.S.A., have suggested that submarines and gas should be the first phases of war to be rendered null and void by agreement. The Conference, as yet in its infancy, bids fair to be infinitely more successful than was supposed during the days immediately prior to its inception. The question of security—with its effect upon the fiscal policy of France — has not yet been mooted. The entire Disarmament Conference hinges, ultimately, not upon humanitarianism but upon finance. The former is a cloak for the latter. Were there no overwhelming taxes, coupled with a trade depression, only a few idealists and their following would agitate for such action as is now being taken at Geneva; in the name of Humanity, therefore, it may be truly said (if the Conference be successful) "Out of evil cometh forth good."

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who gave effect to the scheme of Tariff Reform inaugurated by his father. The Free Trade element in the Cabinet, headed by Sir Herbert Samuel (left) has expressed a wide divergence in view with this measure, and Sir Herbert himself has delivered a blow at the traditional theory of collective Cabinet responsibility by his vitriolic attack in the House on the Government position—a Home Secretary thus constituting himself in Tory eyes, a leader of the Opposition! But, as we go to press, the signs give a strong indication that the storm that threatened has been somewhat calmed and it promises to blow over

346, STRAND,
W.C.,
Wednesday,
Feb. 10, 1932.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING ?

They jest at scars that never felt a wound ; and those who have experienced a world war usually laugh at the notion of another such event occurring in their lifetime. And now, unbelievable a few weeks ago, we have been on the verge of it. The horrors of war which were growing a gentled, almost sentimental, memory for our generation, have returned on us again. One of the richest cities in Asia is in a ring of fire and steel, one of civilization's half-dozen greatest ports of commerce under the terrors of war. Women working under fire, starvation and mob rule staring peaceful citizens in the face, and all the brutality and injustice and terror of the Four Horsemen abroad again in the ruined streets of Chapei. The sudden stroke—for sudden and utterly unexpected it was to 99 per cent.—leaves us aghast and only half convinced of its reality. Our half-hearted beliefs are proved false. World war is no more remote than it was. The ideals of a League of Nations are dreams and nothing more. The League is in its cradle and as powerless as an infant. These sad reflections refuse to be thrust away, try as we may, try as we whole-heartedly desire. Signatories of the League laugh at its covenants and resort to arms, knowing no sanction still but a threat of a still more powerful force. What is the truth of it? *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Civilization has not so much slipped back as come to the realization that it has never advanced. A melancholy suspicion, which we endeavour by all means to stifle, while the nations in conference present proposals for disarmament which are ancient history, and move their armaments to the seat of war.

HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT.—

It was a nice problem for a divided Government to solve. Mr. Chamberlain's ever memorable speech before a House, as distinguished as any that in the past hung on the words of Burke or Pitt, made that very clear. To restore the national balance of trade without further crippling trade and the spending and employing section of the public. To depart from the most jealously guarded principles of political economy without destroying the force and unity of a vitally important Government. To build a tariff wall without too seriously affecting the Englishman's most sacred institution—his breakfast table. To favour the Empire without too severely penalizing that honorary Dominion, the Argentine. To penalize luxuries without checking the flow into trade of surplus money. Here was a problem to make a bunch of wizards scratch their heads and think. Has it been satisfactorily solved? No, says Sir Herbert Samuel, who considers there is still plenty of time in which to "explore avenues" and set up inquiries. No, say the pundits of our vital industries, who are all for the principle of a wall, but like Remus, despise its meagre dimensions. What says the Empire, "our neglected estates"? It no longer speaks with one voice; it could hardly do that. It expresses both satisfaction and doubt, but its chance will come of thrashing the whole matter out at Ottawa.

The policy which the speech outlined introduces a new (and who can doubt?—permanent) national policy in political economy, born out of due time of the will of the people. The speech will live, too, in the annals of Parliament. Many of those who heard it must have seen beside the Speaker the ghost of a Victorian statesman, wearing eyeglass and orchid, which said:

> "I am thy father's spirit
> "Doomed for a certain term to walk the night."

Troubles and difficulties doubtless lie ahead, but I make no doubt that the son has put a period to that term and the spirit may rest in peace.

THE CABINET AND THE COUNTRY.—

We have been so preoccupied with the Far-Eastern scene (and our own backyards) that we have not perhaps given the anticipated attention to that Cabinet decision on the tariff question which after so many decades in political history smashed the doctrine of collective responsibility for the Cabinet. Unquestionably that doctrine has proved a sound one, which the great leaders of the past clung to as a vital article of their creed. But that doctrine applied to party Government, and when the National Government succeeded the Labour Government, party Government, as we have known it for two centuries, was as near dead of self-poisoning as didn't matter. Those who believe that the party system, as we knew it since the War, is liable to return unchanged, naturally view with concern the abandonment of this well-proved doctrine, and see all sorts of embarrassment for the Government in the prospect of Cabinet Ministers stumping the country expressing views violently opposed to a vital article of Government policy. (And certainly one would have thought that a record of dissent set out in the proceedings of the Cabinet would adequately have safeguarded the reputations of the "minority" for the historian of the future.) The view is held that Mr. MacDonald might, if he had wished, have made more use of the strength of his own personal position. He had only to whisper the word resignation to bring the stragglers in. Certainly no one wants Mr. MacDonald at this juncture to whisper so flesh-creeping a threat. But I cannot myself share the apprehension for the throwing over of the doctrine of collective responsibility, not even after reading the unexpectedly aggressive opposition of Sir Herbert Samuel. I would rather keep that minority of four in the Cabinet, but protesting, than close the ranks by ejecting them. They are men of experience, trustworthy, and it is believed reposing trust in Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin. Even now there is no reason to think otherwise. Words are often stronger than the sentiments they express. We need a strong National Government if only to defer the evil day when party Government in some form returns, and the only National Government which can survive long is one composed of every shade of political opinion that is sane, patriotic, broad-viewed, and far-sighted.

CLEARING THE AIR.—

The first hours of Parliament last week revealed the value of a trained, legal mind at the Foreign Office. Sir John Simon dissipated some of the fog, bred of sentiment and vacillation, which has so long obscured the question of British claims against the Soviet. He made it clear that the Russian government never meant business and had procrastinated so long solely on the off chance of hoodwinking some sentimental British government into granting further credits to Russia. Having blown that gaff, he blew what I fear many will regard as another and bigger—the effectiveness of the League as a final arbiter in the disputes of its signatories. He announced that Britain had taken steps, in conjunction with other great powers, to put the screw on Japanese aggression in the older fashion of diplomacy—a hint accompanied by muffled drums—and the stroke proved rather more effective than the taps and gentle pushes of the newer diplomacy. And then Mr. Chamberlain cleared the air still further when he unequivocally announced that the government held general cancellation to be the only solution possible in the problem of reparations and war debts; that it favoured a continuation of the moratorium solely as a means to that definite end, to tide over until a favourable moment (May or June) arrives for a final conference; that it accepted the fact of Germany's inability to keep to her existing obligations, and that France must be brought to the same conclusion in the course of a few months.

DARTMOOR.—

Mr. du Parcq's report revealed a situation more serious than was anticipated. The outbreak was not principally due to dissatisfaction with their treatment felt by the convicts. He found evidence of dangerous intervention from outside, and of some misconduct and breach of duty on the part of the staff. I fancy there will be three main prison reforms as a result. First, the seeding of "dangerous" convicts. There will never again be a considerable element of these in any one gang at work. Secondly, the more frequent exchange of warders. A warder in a "dangerous" gaol is like a headmaster. He should not stay too long in one place. Thirdly, the most exhaustive selection of governors for such prisons, where coolness, initiative, and strength of character are qualities as important as justice, humanity, and probity. If Dartmoor is closed in the near future it will not be solely as a result of the mutiny.

PURE JOURNALISM CANT.

Having lately joined in mildly ragging the B.B.C. and in accusing it of moral cowardice in its book review policy, I hasten to make the *amende honorable*. The B.B.C. has shown very considerable courage in giving Mr. Kingsley Martin a free hand to criticize Fleet Street. It interested me to learn how extraordinarily strongly Mr. Martin seems to have appealed to the cottage and farmhouse audiences round my own home. That by the way. As a sober fact what bunkum it all is, this criticism of slush journalism and terminological inexactitude. Even the Paladin of Fleet Street is tarred with the same brush and makes concessions which its editor would never have suffered two decades ago. Alfred Harmsworth, after all, did not invent a formula for making journalism pay. He merely invented a method of enormously enlarging the profession. Newspapers paid in old days when the squire or parson was glad of a three-days'-old copy of half-a-dozen columns of bare and dreary details, statements of dingy fact. Harmsworth was the first man to tumble to the fact that the Board of Education was turning out a new reading public guaranteed to spell

sletter

words of two syllables if printed in large type. The Board of Education is doing so still. I am certain that the editor and sub-editor of *The Morning Scavenger* would much rather "write like *The Times*," only more so. They cannot do it because the educated public is too small a body to support more than a tenth part of existing newspapers—and journalists clamour to be fed and share-holders to be satisfied. Mr. Martin spoke rather as if he thought it is easy to write slush. But of course it is much, much easier and far less expensive to print the truth, to report reports, to repeat official statistics and communiqués than to get a "story," to make crime "pulse," to pander to the housewife, the flapper, and the kitchen-maid.

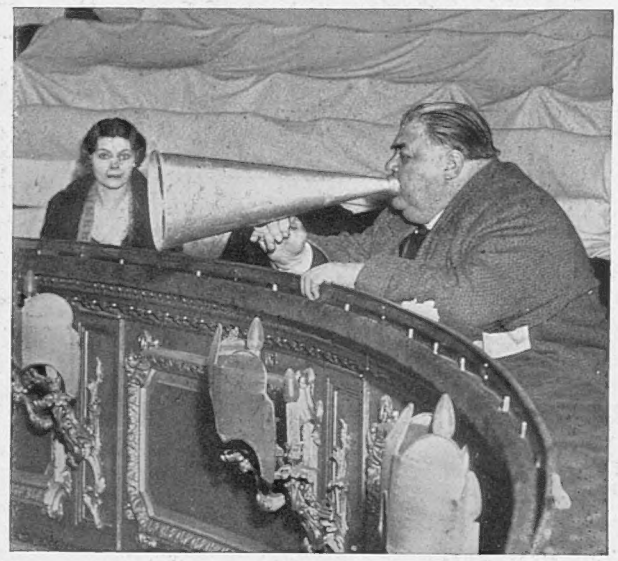
BREAD AND CIRCUSES.—*Cavalcade*, "*Helen!*" *The Miracle*. . . . Cochran on top of the wave, Cochran all the time and all the way. No one in the world, unless Reinhardt, stages these circuses so well. That tremendous spectacle of *Hoffman's Tales* now convulsing Berlin. But circuses, none the less; for circuses they are. In these days of cheap bread the public cries for circuses, and is ready to pay through the nose for them. I ask myself if there is some significant relation between broadcasting and drama. I wonder whether the increasingly large doses of polite uplift and knowledge which are crammed down our throats by the B.B.C. react on the public requirements in the way of drama. Quite certain it is that to-day a better educated public seeks in the theatre more and more distraction for the eye alone—colour, spectacle, décor. It utterly refuses to allow its mind to be troubled with the necessity for thinking. It has no use for serious dialogue, it has ceased to pretend to appreciate wit, it does not even respond to cleverness or smartness. It cries for slogans and captions (and short at that), and for the rest more and more spectacular effect. It is the day of stage mechanics, of pageant masters, of décor wizards, of circus kings. Cheap bread, and circuses expensively staged.

NO LOVE INTEREST.—Mr. F. S. Smythe's revelation in *The Times* regarding the rejection of the Himalayan Kamet Expedition film by several leading film magnates emphasizes the difficulties which face newspaper proprietors, producers, and other suppliers of bread to the public. Day after day proof is brought in that the population of the civilized world is composed as to 98 per cent. of kitchen wenches and office boys. Under the economic conditions in which we live a dignified and uplifting voice is a voice in the wilderness. There is no public for more than a score of serious publications, for more than a handful of theatres devoted to serious drama and instructive production. In our present educational plight, what cant it is to deplore the lack of decency and courage in newspaper proprietors, editors, and producers. They cannot educate the millions in a week, and a week is the limit of economic survival for any of them who stick to truth and uplift, and sternly resist slush. The technical skill, the cold beauty and splendid inspiration of the Kamet film will draw a few thousand delighted admirers, that same devoted band which reads *The Times*, asks for Shakespeare plays, and loathes litter and desecration and vulgarization. How many millions of honest men and women are employed to-day in the industries which supply the 98 per cent. with the only food they can digest? Are these millions to starve till the Millennium, to go on the Dole till the Education Authorities have toiled for a hundred years? Who is to blame? Surely there is no justice in pointing the finger of scorn at a body of living men. The blame, if blame is justified, is as much on the dead as on the living.

A HUMBLE PETITION TO THE B.B.C.—It is not too late to hear reason. It is not too late to reject the damnable heresy of Radio infallibility. You are not an old-established government department which by accepted tradition can "do no wrong." In matters of culture you can still retain that humility of mind which goes with true greatness. Remember Dr. Johnson's humble admission of error: "Pure ignorance, Madam." Confess that you are not infallible. And in two words (to come down to brass tacks) instruct your anonymous and cultured voices, ere it is too late, to withdraw that infernal "Eeross" and to correct that "Earl Dee Lah Worr." And you will gratify, among many other of your admirers, THE OLD STAGER.

SPRING CLEANING LONDON: A workman "grooming" one of the horses of the Quadriga, Hyde Park Corner—a picture taken from the top of Wellington Arch. In the background work is seen in progress on the new Underground station. A great deal of cleaning-up is in train at the moment

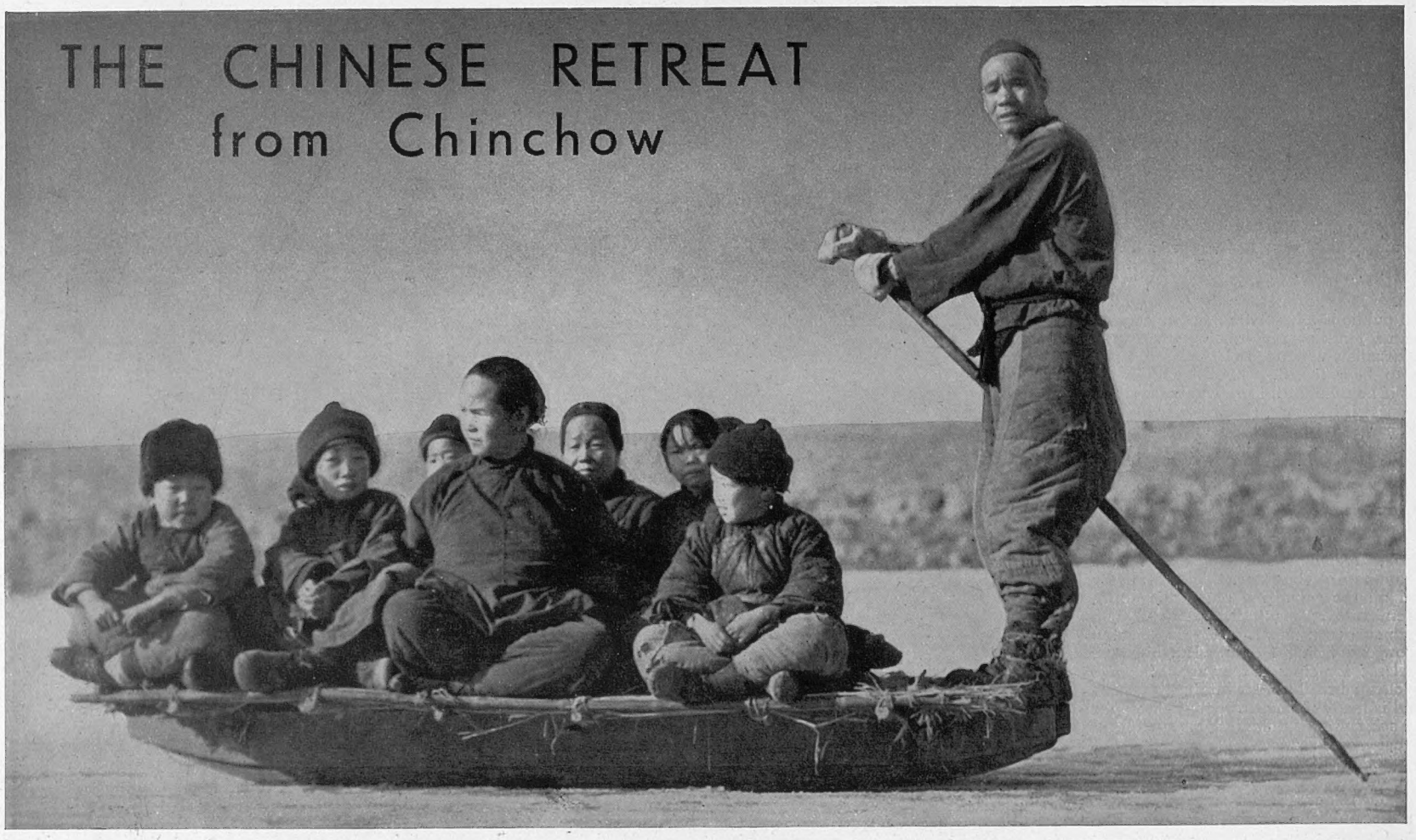
CONCENTRATION: W. Winter (England) and D. S. Tartakower (Poland ponder their next move during the International Tournament. The clocks show how much time each player has taken (for this is limited by rule); the pencil and paper are used to work out combinations before a move is made



HEAR WHAT A ROAR THE CAPTIOUS OSCAR MADE! Mr. Oscar Asche (who plays Casca—traditionally contrasted in figure to the lean and hungry Cassius—in the all-star production at His Majesty's of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" produced on Monday) directs a rehearsal by megaphone from the circle

AT THE DAVID COPPERFIELD GARDEN, New Kent Road, the Dickens Fellowship has erected "a foolish image blowing a dry shell" (David Copperfield: Chapter XIII) in commemoration of the rest taken by David near this spot, when bound to his aunt's at Dover. The statue was unveiled by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, President of the Fellowship

THE CHINESE RETREAT from Chinchow

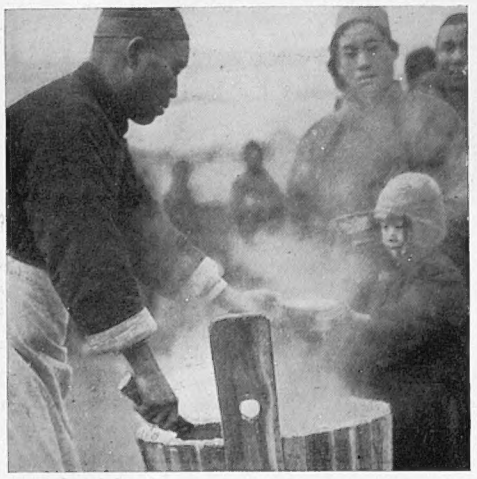


REFUGEES: Chinese fleeing from Chinchow following the occupation by Japanese troops. No trains were running, for the retreating soldiers monopolized the coaches, the unfortunate refugees were compelled to use wooden boards propelled by two iron bars, sliding over the ice. The majority of even personal possessions were perforce abandoned

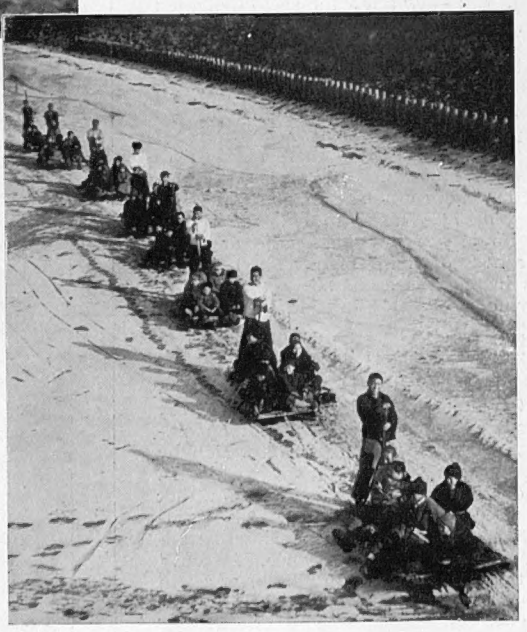
CHINA'S AERIAL LEADER is General Hui Chang, formerly Mr. Bert Hale, a U.S. airman with a superb war record, who has assisted in the formation of the Turkish and Bulgar aerial arms

THE FIRST MEAL IN SAFETY: A small group of the 5,000 refugees from Chinchow when they had reached the native city of Tientsin where they enjoyed their first meal in a safe zone after their deplorably ill-organized flight from the advancing Japanese troops. The Chinese Red Cross Society did magnificent work in the great efflux, but the paucity of transport proved an obstacle insuperable save by the most drastic means

REINFORCEMENTS: Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's Manchurian cavalry and infantry board the train to take them to their positions at Luonchow. The soldiers entrained in a hurry, owing to the bomb-dropping activities of Japanese aeronauts



WELCOME FOOD: Young refugees from Chinchow having undergone serious privations on their journey to Tientsin, welcome the victuals supplied to them by the cooks of the Chinese Red Cross

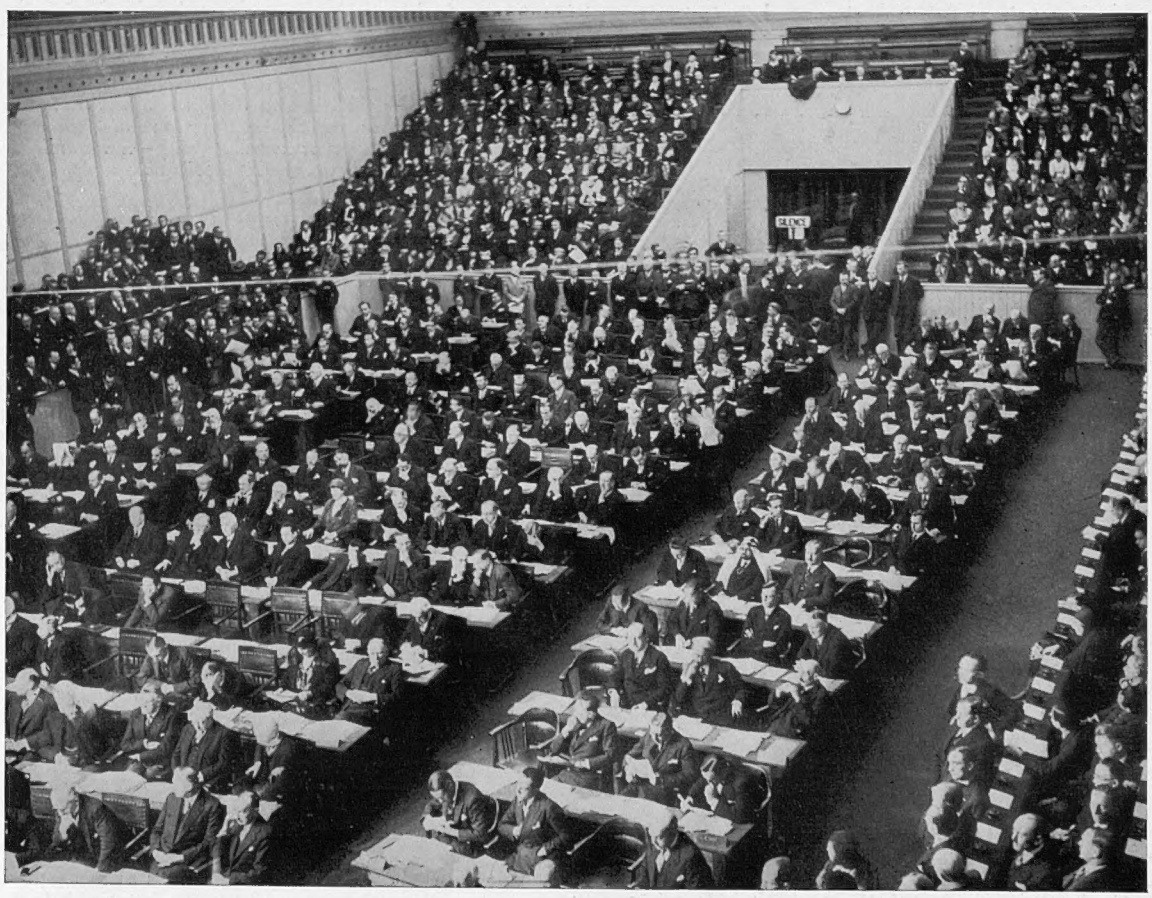


PUNTS OF THE LAND: The curious rude transport—boards propelled by iron bars operated astern—by means of which the refugees from Chinchow escaped from the advancing Japanese

GENEVA

GERMAN REPRESENTATIVES: Freiherr von Rheinhaben and Countess Schliebenstaedt at the ball

WORK AND PLAY: *Above*, the inaugural meeting presided over by Mr. Arthur Henderson (top tribune, centre); *Below*, a general view of the great Delegations' Ball



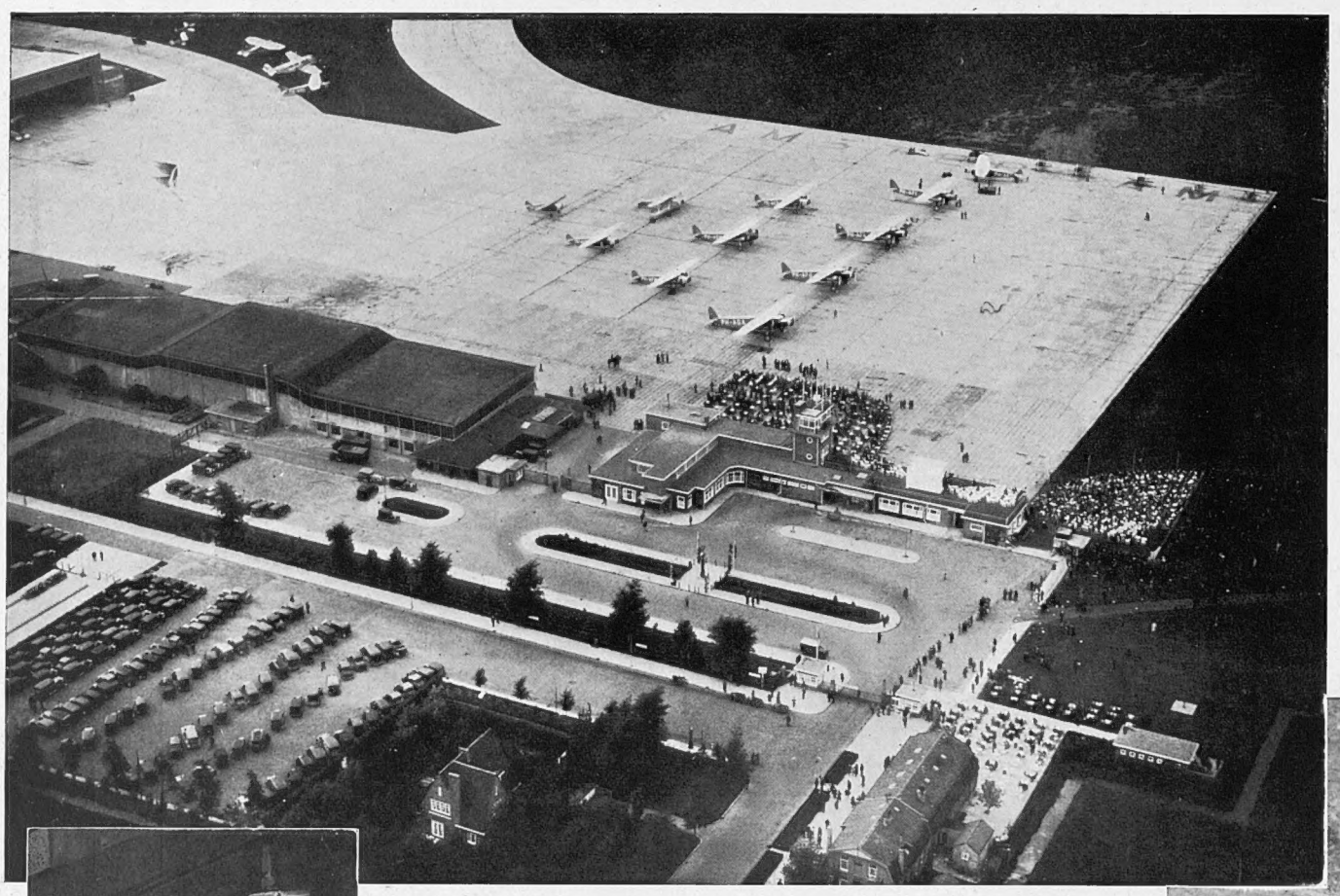
THE VIEW FROM THE TRIBUNE: The serried ranks of diplomats as seen by every speaker. As we go to press, the world has been thrilled by Sir John Simon's masterly oration—he spoke for an hour scarcely referring to his notes—which, intimating Britain's theories of disarmament, has totally eclipsed the sensation previously made by M. Tardieu's proposal (forecast by Mr. Tuohy in his article on pages 218-19 of this issue of "The Sphere") for the creation of a super-State in the impersonality of the League

AT THE DELEGATIONS' BALL: Mme. Garcia-Placios (left), and Mme. Barcinska. Geneva is agog with the brilliant speech made this week by Sir John Simon, which has put Britain once again in the forefront of the Conference

THE

The Great Air Line
Station Airport
Enterprise; Their
Grand Tour; an
Air-borne Craft, th
Based on Mutual K

and in come the Czechs, every
nation of them bearing witness in
their machines to the designs of
the Dutchman, Fokker.



THE INTERNATIONAL AERIAL CLEARING-HOUSE: *An overhead view of Schiphol, the great aerodrome outside Amsterdam, whither and whence aircraft of all nations alight to debark mails and passengers and take on necessary supplies*

A PIONEER: *Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the famous writer and mother of the famous airman of the Cuxhafen Raid (whom she herself taught to fly). Mrs. Hewlett, who held the first pilot licence issued (in 1908) to women, is seen before starting as one of the first passengers on the Dutch East Indies route*

"It was once your navy and '*the broom at the mast*,' you were going to sweep us English from the seas—is it now the 'broom *at the Prop.*,' out East?"

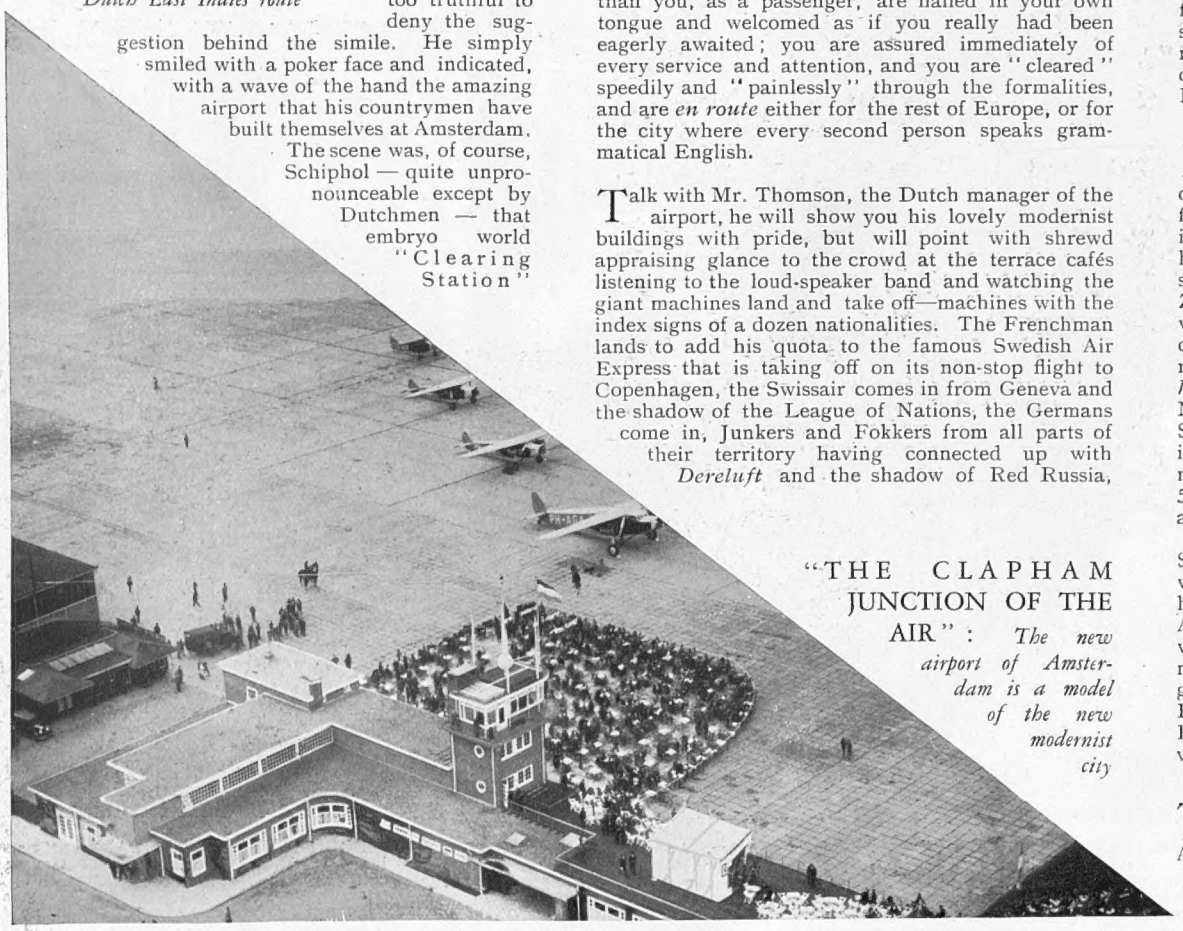
The Dutch airman parried by assuring the amateur that, even as a symbol, a broom would not improve the efficiency of the propellers of his Fokker; he was too polite to affirm and too truthful to deny the suggestion behind the simile. He simply smiled with a poker face and indicated, with a wave of the hand the amazing airport that his countrymen have built themselves at Amsterdam. The scene was, of course, Schiphol — quite unpronounceable except by Dutchmen — that embryo world "Clearing Station" for planetary traffic; a city of the future *that is already arriving*.

This Clapham Junction of the North Western European lines of the air is, as well, the terminal airport of the famous Dutch–Batavia lines—the K.L.I.M., Royal Dutch Indian Airways, and the better-known "K.L.M."

Amsterdam, a city with a population roughly one tenth that of the County of London, has thrust out this gigantic feeler to the Dutchmen out East, and Holland maintains some 9,000 miles of vital communications open by her weekly services of mails and freight and passengers; operated by some of the most experienced trunk line pilots in the world, supported by the speed and safety that the aeronautical genius of Anthony Fokker has made not only possible as a stunt, but practical as a habit of travel.

Watch these Dutchmen at their job at the terminal airport of this amazing service; relatively prosperous, industrious as beavers, and hardened by their centuries old habit of struggle with the encroaching sea, they are going all out on the air! Visit Schiphol, and hardly has your liner taxied in than you, as a passenger, are hailed in your own tongue and welcomed as if you really had been eagerly awaited; you are assured immediately of every service and attention, and you are "cleared" speedily and "painlessly" through the formalities, and are *en route* either for the rest of Europe, or for the city where every second person speaks grammatical English.

Talk with Mr. Thomson, the Dutch manager of the airport, he will show you his lovely modernist buildings with pride, but will point with shrewd appraising glance to the crowd at the terrace cafés listening to the loud-speaker band and watching the giant machines land and take off—machines with the index signs of a dozen nationalities. The Frenchman lands to add his quota to the famous Swedish Air Express that is taking off on its non-stop flight to Copenhagen, the Swissair comes in from Geneva and the shadow of the League of Nations, the Germans come in, Junkers and Fokkers from all parts of their territory having connected up with *Dereluft* and the shadow of Red Russia,



"THE CLAPHAM JUNCTION OF THE AIR": *The new airport of Amsterdam is a model of the new modernist city*

NOMADS OF THE SYRIAN DESERT: *The huddle in the sand, that looks like an insignificant molehill, is, in reality, a settlement housing a number of human souls*

The airport is a social centre where the crowd can hero-worship the giants of aviation, and can watch the development of their own "blue-eyed baby"—*the East Indian Service*. Eastward go the British machines, and the clutching hands of the Imperial Airways have gripped Africa as far as the Cape; but while with justice we congratulate ourselves on *Hannibal* and *Hercules*, on *Scipio* and *Calcutta* flying boats; on the future great *Atlantas* (the Armstrong–Whitworth XVs), while we think of the weekly mails over the great Empire routes, there is *still* that ceaseless purposeful activity—the purring stream of Fokkers from the Netherlands.

It was nothing if not dramatic that one of the earliest passengers, and the first woman, should have been our own British Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, herself the first woman to hold a pilot's licence, granted in Paris in 1908. Wearing a battered leather jacket, and with her kit strapped on her shoulders, Mrs. Hewlett started as a pioneer passenger from Croydon to New Zealand; at the time she insisted that her journey was a crusade to convince the Australians that they could no longer neglect the possibilities of the air roads home—*the Dutch it was who could then take her as far as it was possible to go by air: to Java*. Now, when the Experimental Mail and Kingsford Smith have "done it again" and landed in Australia, it is interesting to remember that crusade of a few months past—when even the regular crossing of the 500 miles between Sourabaya and Darwin is becoming an aerial probability.

For there is a lot in common between Kingsford Smith and one of the star pilots of the Dutch lines whom you will see at Schiphol and who may take you himself to Batavia, Ewart van Dijk. They crossed the Atlantic together, van Dijk took special leave for the very purpose, and called it a holiday; they habitually make and then break records aud they both owe a great deal to the genius of Anthony Fokker, for Kingsford Smith is flying an Avro Ten, which is the Fokker VIIb 3-m made under licence and powered with Siddeley-Lynx engines, in England!

There is in fact, a great deal of romance about the merchant-adventuring Dutch Gentlemen of the Air! a quality that is definitely discouraged apparently by the tidy-minded schedule makers at the K.L.M. headquarters. Van Dijk not long ago took his Indian mail over the 8,925 miles in

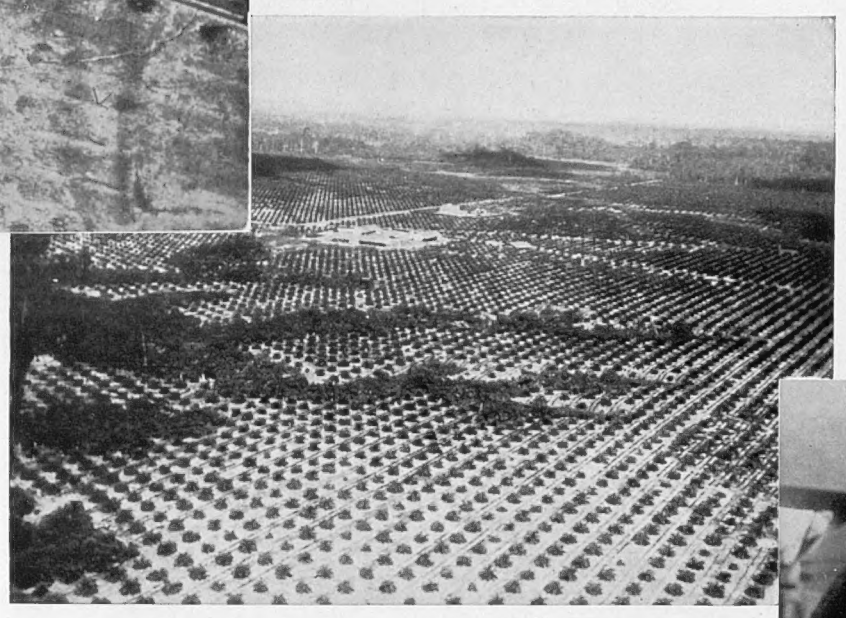
FLYING DUTCHMEN

of Holland, Converging on the International Clearing Schiphol, Present a Formidable Rival to British Aerial ute to the East is the Modern Equivalent of the they are, Together with the Other Commercial Most Powerful Element for International Friendliness, wledge, Extant in the World. By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

TRAJECTEN:	AFSTAND IN K.M.
AMSTERDAM - BOEDAPEST	1165
BOEDAPEST - ATHENE	1115
ATHENE - CAIRO	1410
CAIRO - BAGDAD	1298
BAGDAD - BUSJIRE	785
BUSJIRE - DJASK	805
DJASK - KARACHI	953
KARACHI - JODHPUR	615
JODHPUR - ALLAHABAD	872
ALLAHABAD - CALCUTTA	750
CALCUTTA - AKYAB	578
AKYAB - RANGOON	500
RANGOON - BANGKOK	580
RANGOON - TAVOY	410
TAVOY - ALOR STAR	1010
BANGKOK - ALOR STAR	1195
ALOR STAR - MEDAN	370
MEDAN - PALEMBANG	975
PALEMBANG - BATAVIA	480
BATAVIA - BANDOENG	108

THE ROUTE: *A Dutch map showing the stages over which the Dutch aeroplanes go to the East Indies covering the distance in ten days*

some eight-and-a-half days . . . the schedule was then twelve days and his absent-minded habit of breaking records was said to have been indifferently received at home . . . however, soon after, the regulation ration of days was cut down to ten, which it now is. But the fourteenth homeward-bound machine was in charge of that incredibly romantic person, Smirnoff, also a star pilot of the K.L.M., and despite violent head winds, he and his crew of two brought the liner PH-AGR home *in eight days!* laden with 544lb. of mail, 26 lb. of freight, and one extremely lucky passenger.



THE ORDERLINESS OF THE DUTCH *is to be seen in their Colonies, as is evidenced by the symmetry of an estate in Sumatra.* Inset on right *is Mynheer Euart van Dijk, who flew the Atlantic with Kingsford Smith, and who lowered the scheduled time for the India route by two days*

Talk to Smirnoff and you are talking with a man who makes cinema managers livid with envy, for his is the perfect romance. Leaving Russia through Siberia in the Revolution, on foot, he has had experience as a Russian officer, an English flying-officer in the R.A.F., a Belgian commercial pilot and finally a star pilot of the K.L.M.—putting a finishing touch of romance to all this by marrying a delightful Dutch wife and settling down in the land that adopted him!

The record of the rapid flight home is laconic as it stands; it appears that Smirnoff, Hulsebos and Westraete by excellent team work, shortened the flight, despite the violent head winds, by flying longer stages each day; for instance, between Cairo and Sofia the crew was in harness from 4 a.m. to 6 p.m. and all through their daily average was 1,120 miles! And one day the plane remained in the air for nearly thirteen hours. In spite of this, no risks were taken and no undue fatigue felt, and *Amsterdam was drawn half a day nearer her sons in Sumatra and Java.*

The passenger has the grand tour of amazing proportions in ten days; for painless pioneering this has no rival! And still it is (mild) pioneering since hitherto only the angels have seen so much of the world and from such an angle and—more recently—such men as Sir Alan Cobham, Kingsford Smith and such women as Amy Johnson have had that air to themselves . . . and have marvelled at the amazing beauties of the route.

For, along the Dutch Air Highway some *eighteen* frontiers are liquidated in ten days! The procession of contrasts starts unrolling beneath the passenger in his armchair aloft!

First the British landscape, patterned and orderly; then swarthy Germany and Nuremberg; then Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary to Buda-Pesth; then Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria and Greece to Athens; from Athens across the Mediterranean to the coast of Africa, Egypt and then Cairo; above Palestine, the Valley of the Jordan, Jerusalem and Jericho; trans-Jordania, Iraq and Persia; from Gaza to Bagdad.

Possibly at this stage even that experienced passenger and pilot, Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, sat back and gasped; for each evening at the stopping place, whether rest-house or hotel, the landing is made early enough to permit the passengers to take a walk of exploration through the town. And by the time the frontiers of British India are reached impressions must have been, even for her, kaleidoscopic!

Then on—Bushire, Lingeh, Jask, Gwadar—and Karachi. After that Jodhpur, Allahabad, Calcutta, Akyab, and then into Burma and Rangoon.

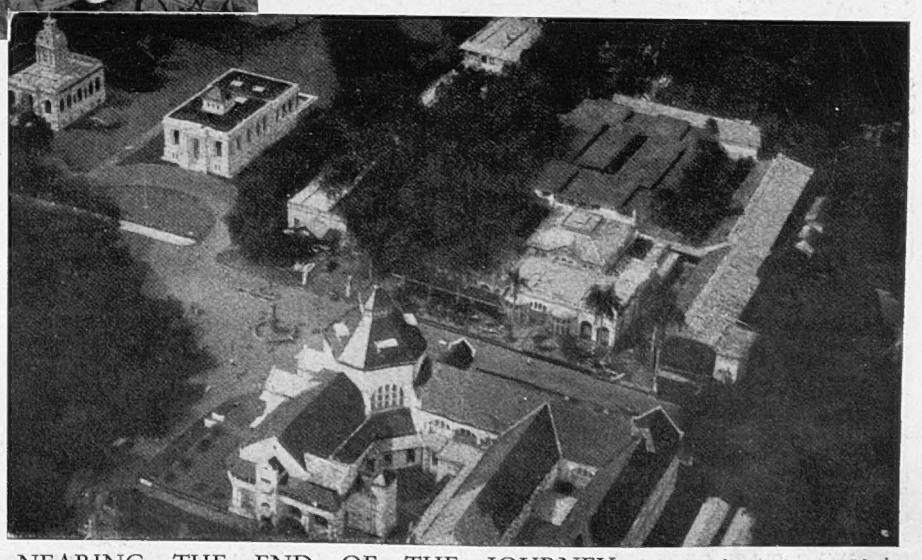
Bangkok and more scenic changes, the amazingly lovely Malaccan Archipelago, on to Sumatra and Medan and Dutch land again; letters for colonists, mothers and sisters writing from home to brothers, husbands, and cousins. Freight and also the increasing number of cousins and mothers and sisters who visit their relatives, and the number of business men who think that a little mild pioneering is as good for merchants as it is for their business! From Medan to Palembang and thence to Batavia, and Bandoeng, and the last stage lies ahead for the future England – Australia service.

In the airport is the control tower to see and, of course, that inescapable social duty of the itinerant air-minded Briton—introduction to whatever privately-owned British light aircraft there may be in the hangers for the night—generally what is abroad called the "Puth Moss"....

Finally the visitor—faint yet pursuing—is led to the tarmac where they are lading freight into the hold of a Fokker; flowers—*cut flowers!*—for sale that night in the South of France!

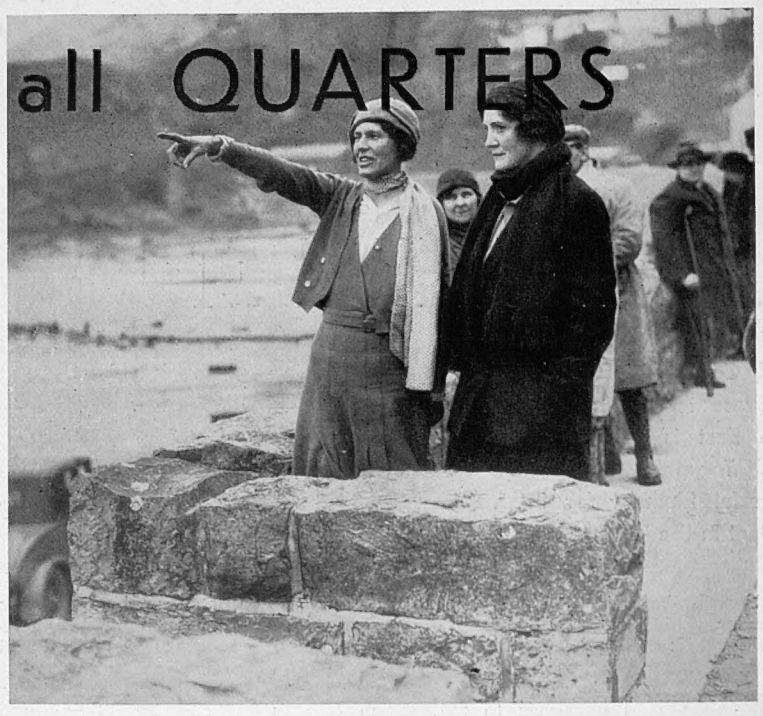
The visitor ventures on a comment that "after all that Anthony Fokker might have won the War in the air for Germany . . .," and an ex-enemy pilot standing by replies "*He may yet help to win the peace by making us all very near neighbours,*" and with a gesture indicates the polyglot airport.

THE CAPITAL OF SIAM: *A great Bangkok pagoda from the air: seen from a machine* en route *to Batavia*

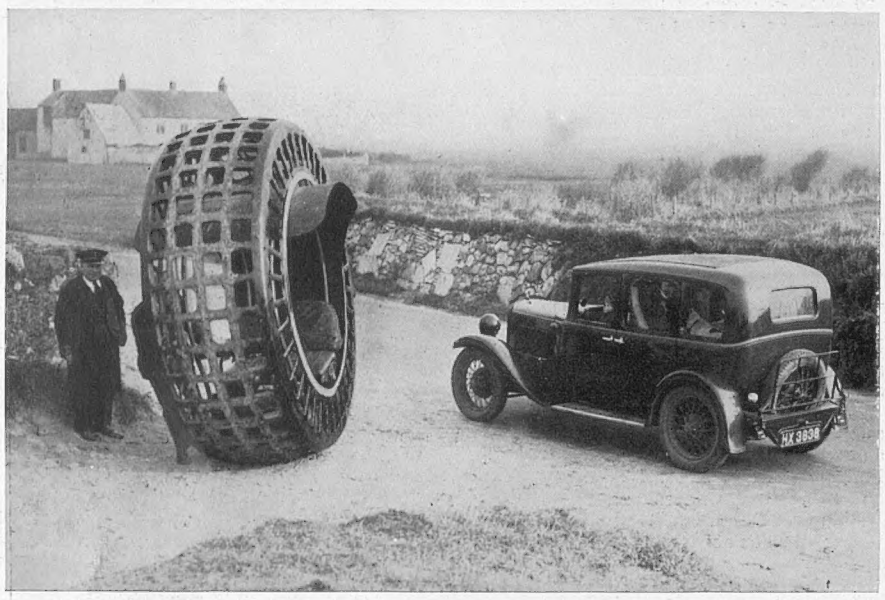


NEARING THE END OF THE JOURNEY: *An overhead view of Medan on the north-east coast of Sumatra, whence the 'planes go to Batavia, presents a European aspect from the air*

NEWS from all QUARTERS

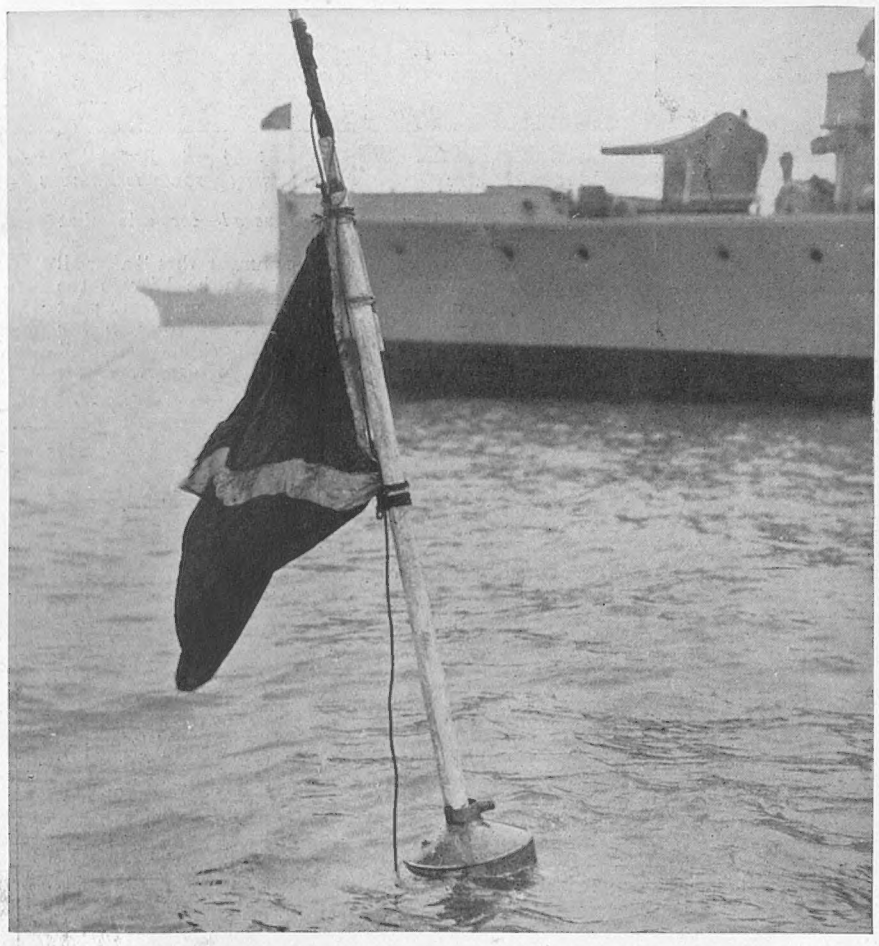


'ENFANT TERRIBLE!" Mr. George Eyston who on Pendine Sands shattered by 13 m.p.h. the baby car record of 105 m.p.h. This feat he is seen accomplishing in a super-charged M. G. Midget with a special stream-lined body. The conditions were described by the record-breaker in the phrase "The sands were a bog." *On right*—Mrs. Eyston and Mrs. Kimber, the wife of the Managing Director of M. G. cars, are seen witnessing the record, which stands now at 118.3 m.p.h.



THE DYNASPHERE: The latest device for transport on test. It has been invented by Dr. J. H. Purves and his son, of Taunton, and underwent its trials on Bream Sands, Weston-super-Mare. Driven by a 2 h.p. petrol engine, it achieved a speed of 30 m.p.h.

A TRANSPORT NOVELTY: The Dynasphere in action on Bream Sands, Weston-super-Mare. Whether this genus of mechanism will prove a craze like the scooter or a permanent attraction remains to be seen



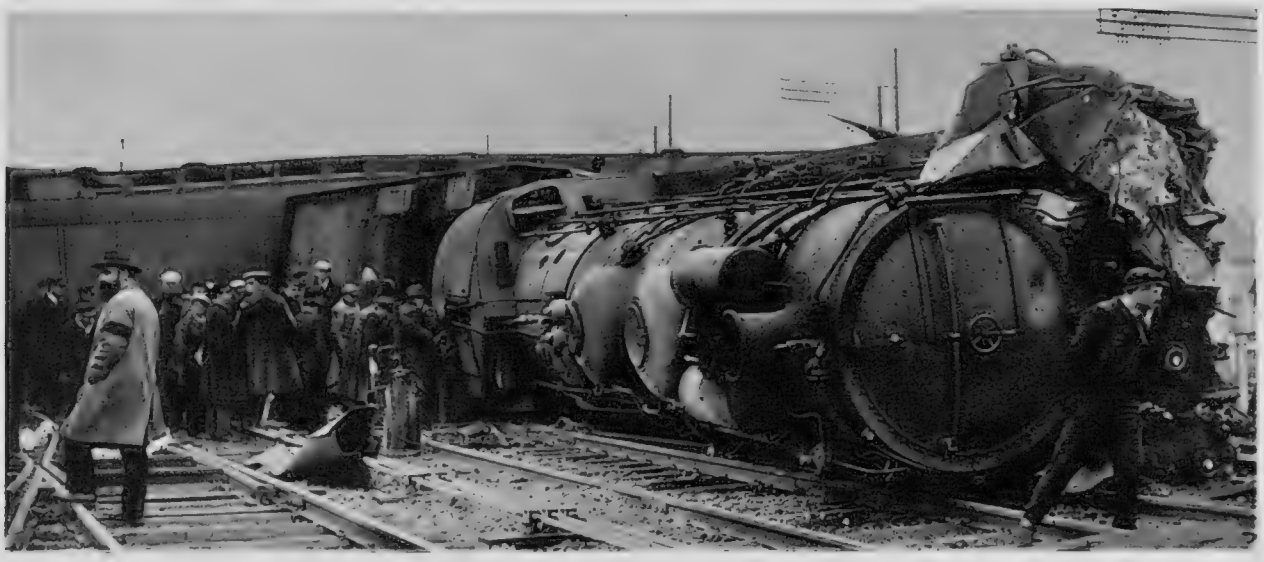
MARKING A PLACE OF TRAGEDY: The flag over the spot off Portland where the ill-starred submarine M.2 sank with all hands. As we go to press, the hulk has not yet been raised, though the vessel's sea-plane has already been salvaged

MANŒUVRES IN THE MOUNTAINS: A scene during the French military exercises in the Alps. A machine gun is seen above laden on to a sledge near Briançon. The *béret* adds an effective touch to the uniform

"THE SPHERE" surveys the WORLD

ROCKEFELLER CITY IN THE MAKING: Work in progress on the £50,000,000 development of New York City—one of the great building projects of the world. The "city" covers three blocks (there are twenty "blocks" to the mile) between 5th and 6th Avenues between 48th and 52nd Streets. Various buildings—including cinemas, broadcasting studios, and an opera house—are being constructed to create a superb, artistically homogeneous whole. The rock soil which sustains the giant skyscrapers of New York is clearly seen

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the presiding genius of Rockefeller City, has entrenched himself against a woman journalist in his home at Ormond Beach



TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: The ill-fated Paris–Milan Express which jumped the rails. Amazingly, only one fatality and six injuries were recorded. The locomotive—a heap of twisted metal—is seen lying on its side at Montereau, near Fontainebleau. Some of the carriages were telescoped

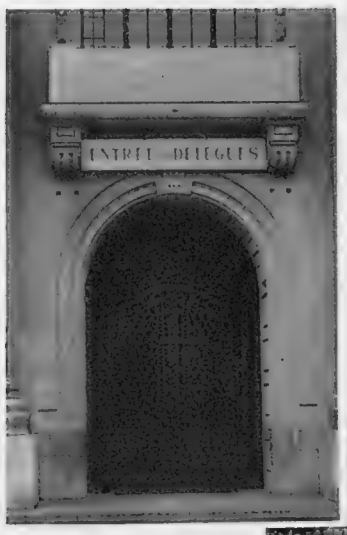
THE PRIZEWINNER in the Imperial poetry contest, Miss Shizu-Ko Oshima of Tokio

ROYAL EXILES IN THE SNOW: Ex-King Alfonso has been staying at Mürren. Seen above with him is the Infanta Maria Christina, on her first outing since her recent illness, and the Infanta Beatrice, the mother of the two princes to whom their cousins, the Infantas, are betrothed. He subsequently left for London

CORSICAN BANDITS ON TRIAL: Fratini, Santoni, and Gabrielli, who are being defended at the Rhone Assizes at Lyons by Maître de Moro Giafferi

THE EXODUS OF THE JESUITS FROM SPAIN: Members of the S.J. disembark from a coach at Irun. The order is dissolved by decree; property valued at £5,000,000 has been confiscated; and the schools of the order are being run by the State

THE PEACE CONFERENCE



"ABANDON *WAR* ALL YE THAT ENTER HERE": The entrance to the new £200,000 building erected for the Conference in Geneva

IN STEEL AND GLASS: The salon in which the great Conference is taking place. Its structure is symbolic: steel for the weapons to be discarded; glass for the modern open diplomacy

Our hosts are going to have a fairly good season when all about is touristic calm, and visitor calling unto visitor across Alpine valleys. New hotels bring the number that can be accommodated to 3,500, and what these and their Governments will spend daily in Geneva is best imagined. Roads have been broadened; parking places for an avalanche of cars provided. Even if the social side promises to be restrained, partly because of economic difficulties, also for the seriousness of the subject at issue—certainly it can be said in advance that this Congress is not going to dance, as did a famous other—many wives are here and they will require entertaining. Husbands have the "Bavaria," or the International Club, or the Kursaal, or this and that café to go to; the ladies mostly keep clear of such places. Some are intent on taking up ski-ing at Mégève or St. Cergues; others look to the golf links and to a dozen cinemas for distraction while the day's work is on.

Men are more than an ordinary nuisance at Geneva; none of them ever know when work may cease. This refers just as much to the delegates. They are housed in different hotels, and almost as much should befall in the wings, at late night sessions, as in the various commissions.

As for the International Press, there is room for 340 typewriters going simultaneously in their spacious part of the clinic. A dozen proved enough for me; what it will be like on a big night Heaven knows. Here in these journalistic halls is about to accumulate the greatest number of communiqués, denials, leakages, scoops, rumours on record. Official memoranda will daily rise, mountain-like. Tremendous think stuff, so-called, will be cabled east and west. The Soviet have already prettily christened this typewriting H.Q., "l'usine des mensonges." I touch on this later. For the moment, my first impression was of a scepticism that positively dismantled one in advance. There never can have existed such scepticism. "Are you staying for long?" "Of course, they can't do a blessed thing." "It is all being staged to find out what the other fellow is preparing." "Let's hope it doesn't bring war." "I'm looking for some job on the side lines." Even the Secretariat of the League seems to have caught, in part, the prevalent mood. Signs and symptoms are not lacking of a general depression, the first time this body has succumbed in twelve arduous years.

On right—
A HUMORIST, Mr. Will Rogers, is among the "spectators" at Geneva

A U.S. PACIFIST: Mrs. M. E. Wooley, one of the leading lights of the unofficial but enthusiastic women's club organizations

Such impression was confirmed by the resignation of Sir Eric Drummond, and by the decision not to go ahead with the great £2,000,000 Palace of Peace. Other events were the jettisoning of Lord Cecil from our Delegation—the last active survivor of those who produced the Covenant in 1919; and, of course, the spectral figure of "l'homme de la Paix," Aristide Briand, fishing at Cocherel. But the rumour is strong that Briand will be back in harness after the elections, and this remark is attributed to the supposedly ailing one: "My health will give no comfort to my enemies." The Secretariat is disheartened. It feels it was badly let down over Japan. Its attitude currently seems to be: "It's up to you now. We can do no more. We've prepared kilometres of facts and figures. If you don't want to disarm, that's your pidgin, *but don't blame us.*" Many at Geneva, I am sure, are at one with the Secretariat in this matter. It may be that the compression of the League's budget, coupled with the things said about such expenditure, have been instrumental in deciding the Scot in Sir Eric to render vacant the most difficult post in Europe or the world to fill.

It does seem rather far-fetched to harp on what the League has cost when this kind of thing can be said (by Señor Madariaga): "If the nations of the world had sent 5 per cent. of what they spent in 1930 on armaments to the Secretary-General and if the latter had invested the sum thus accruing at 5 per cent., enough funds would have been available to keep the League and the World Court for the rest of history." A more cogent argument "against" may be that by constantly talking peace ever since its inception the League has focussed attention on the other thing. This, of course, is now going to happen with a vengeance. For months we shall be snowed under with orations on poison gas and submarines, giant bombers and germs. Some pretend the Conference will last all the year; others that it should wind up by July if it doesn't break down much earlier.

The present programme is: Harangues in the Swiss Electoral Building until mid-February and running to sixty or seventy in number. Mr. Henderson has been a very swift chairman, cutting translation to a minimum; but when each country insists on its chief representative speaking, for its national prestige, what can a chairman do? If, however, his belonging to no nation, officially, strengthens his prestige for impartiality, Mr. Henderson's evident frailty—a sick president—depresses the Conference additionally. He has had a good Press save one disgusting reference by "Pertinax" of the *Echo de Paris* to the effect that the League having voted him £8 expenses a day, he has nothing to refuse the Secretariat. When the deluge has ceased, at least five technical commissions will be formed, treating with the political, budgetary, land, naval, and air aspects of International armament. Meanwhile, three other commissions will also have come into being, for the purpose of verifying credentials, agreeing on procedure of the Conference, and deciding what to do about the kilometres of petitions with which Geneva has been inundated. This is something new and is worth brief notice—

For the past two years signatures have been collected in all parts of the world calling on the Powers to disarm. Nearly 2,000,000 came from Britain in wooden boxes, one of which is on view in the main street. During the sessions marchers are also to converge on Geneva from many points of the compass—in fact, they have already begun to cross the snows on foot into Switzerland, preaching as they go.

But the chief pressure is to be kept up by the Women's Commission for Disarmament, heavily "U.S. Women's Clubs" in inspiration. Headquarters have been taken near the League and it is proposed to sustain a permanent propaganda by wireless, in the newspapers, and by "personal approach." More startling, the American ladies are organizing a "revolving committee of key women to sit all through the Conference to receive reports of its action and to bestow blame and praise accordingly. These key women are to have lieutenants at home, feminine Paul Reveres, ready to ride and spread the alarm" presumably should André Tardieu not come to heel or some new Shearer mature to press the Big Navy argument.

One only hopes this feminine action may not be too tinctured from across the Atlantic since there is undoubtedly scope for it, if sensibly conducted, as, indeed, both Lord Cecil and Señor Lerroux have proclaimed. Whether the slightest practical notice will be taken of this outside pressure remains, however, to be seen. Three million signatures fill many crates,

SOME OF THE 2,000,000 signatories in Britain to the petition to the Disarmament Conference on behalf of world peace

GENEVA.

The Swiss Government and city of Geneva have built us a perfectly good clinic at a cost of £200,000 at par, to which should come some 3,500 patients during ensuing months, a total made up of roundly 1,500 delegates or experts to the Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments, 1,000 secretaries, 600 ladies and gentlemen of the Press, and 400 individuals who will follow events either holding watching briefs for this and that organization or as private enthusiasts (very few of these permitted). This joint body will dizzily represent sixty-one invited nations (Ecuador, Salvador, and Nicaragua having failed to come up to the scratch), and it has been computed that the Conference may be speaking for 1,700,000,000 people. The Conference will also be speaking for taxpayers all over the globe—who are now subscribing £800,000,000 (at par) annually towards providing themselves with clubs with which, perhaps, to whack one another. The immensity of the problem, particularly in the existing overwrought, distressful state of the world, should at least cause posterity to admit that we of this generation held back at nothing. Men who can still go blithely ahead into peace action in the hot war atmosphere of the China Sea, who profess hope in the future when but one country on earth is to-day carrying into practice the big idea it is hoped may be gestated here—Denmark, that happy pioneer—are not lacking in audacity. Perhaps public opinion has seen to it, on many sides, that this supreme pow-wow shall be held in spite of all, for the very darkness of the surrounding scene.

Denmark says: "Our few remaining regiments are now worth nothing to us, so why retain this unnecessary expense? We are very firmly resolved to attack nobody. We do not believe anybody intends to attack us; but, should this occur, it could only be a powerful country against which we should be powerless. So why keep on these few remaining soldiers?"

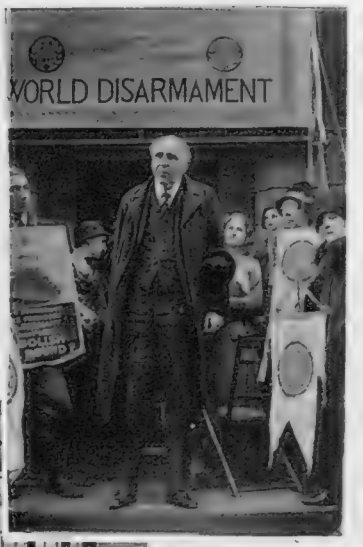
A suitable text, this, for the wall of our clinic. Yet one fears a slogan more in keeping with these opening days would be: "Banzai for the Shanghai Gesture!" They have been extraordinary days of grinning Japs and rather grim Americans, and for once the celebrating rôles of the two have been reversed. The Americans have abstained. The little grinning men—and not a few of them officers in mufti, experts—have held thrilling, bubbly evenings at their hotel—indeed, there seems to be a fortune just now for the first on the scene with saki. So the Congress has opened—in a setting not the craziest among us would have dared to imagine.

The Swiss have been devastatingly efficient in the building they have put up, and, should it be found to provide the tone for the Conference, this is going to be a grey affair—grey as the cold mist o'er the lake, grey as the walls wherein a so-sick world may, it is hoped, at least experience no further relapse. The disarmament rendezvous is composed of big, bare rooms, cold, naked, unadorned, save for tables and metallic chairs which will know no Viennese rocking, which cling to the floor to which they curve S-like. The colour scheme is a cheerless grey, and there is silent linoleum under foot. The whole smells strongly of new paint. The word "utility" governs all; not an attempt to attract the eye or senses. The main room of the Conference resembles nothing so much as a hospital amphitheatre. Outside the clinic stand Swiss on guard with revolvers. In all, 300 police, specially impressed militia, and detectives have been mobilized. Geneva is not quite sure of her unemployed and "Reds" just now. They may put up a parade. Also, there must be no such gaffe as the Vorovsky murder. There must be no violence at this, of all Conferences. Our hosts have sworn it.

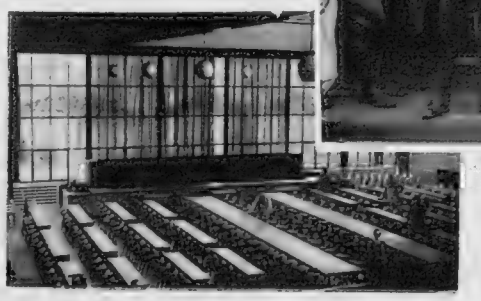
AT GENEVA

A frank exposé of the personnel, the building, the procedure, the spectators, the ramifications, and the prospects of success or failure of the Conference

By FERDINAND TUOHY



LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD, one of the leading pacifists of the world, takes no official part in the Conference



COLD AND CHEERLESS is the note struck by the Conference Hall specially created for the occasion. The floor is covered with silent linoleum; the chairs and tables are depressingly uniform

but they are not much after all. Surely the only efficacious pressure is that to be maintained by the newspapers and the wireless, increasingly by the latter, since so many papers round the two hemispheres are hardly, shall we say, free to speak on disarmament as they might like. The Hitler papers may not count so much yet; Mussolini's controlled Press is fairly sure to behave restrainedly in the matter on hand; the Moscow papers will roar with laughter at everything we poor bourgeois may try to encompass; our own Press should be, with one or two exceptions, pretty much on the level and seeking to prevent the Conference from being a flop, or, at least, too big a one; but there are two other national Presses of the first order whose attitude may give rise to augmenting concern: the American and the French.

In regard to the first, Mr. Hearst is already on the war path through his chain of papers reaching 20,000,000 readers daily. He is dug in at the clinic with representatives in all directions and whose orders, I understand, are to "pan hell out of the Conference" (I give this under correction). It is perfectly useless to ignore the Hearst Press, since it forms the breakfast, and especially the Sunday mental diet, of a vast number of those with the hick mentality who rule through Congress and have been too long ruling us, also, through that same Congress.

In regard to the Paris Press, its more recent antics have been formidable (to use the national expression). Even the papers of the Left have come out in full blast for the Nationalist "security before disarmament" cry. Of late, the famous Comité des Forges, which holds French heavy industry fairly solidly and therefore is up to the neck in armaments, has been acquiring control of important, even famous sheets. Its hand is certain to be occultly at work at Geneva. However, there are other armament trusts operating off stage besides this French one, notably in the United States.

I leave this delicate subject gladly.

After the speechifying debauch has spent itself to the last Persian or Honduran, an orgy wherein only the high points touched by a MacDonald, a Tardieu, or some other star will really matter, which is the pity of it, the commissions will get down to brass tacks for five or six weeks when they will adjourn over the French and German elections, to meet again—the whole Conference in general session in May, which should prove a key month. Such is the present intent, with hopes of producing a first concerted step or plan in late June, but Providence may ordain it very otherwise.

As the weeks go by, doubtless, stars, at present unknown, will rise in the firmament—as was the case with the American, Mr. Hugh Gibson, at the 1927 naval fiasco and with Dino Grandi at the London Naval Conference.

To begin with, the limelight is principally on the French Delegation whose two leaders, Tardieu and Paul-Boncour, have intimately associated themselves with the problem on hand, the first by being the author of much of the Treaty of Versailles and by his standing out for the extreme Nationalist programme; the second for his invention of the *potential* side of arming, as distinct from the actual, and for his having sponsored a law making every French citizen subject to a call in defence of the patrie. Tardieu has inherited the mantle of Maginot, who put the French army in such astonishing fettle, carried through the famous eastern defences, and wrote the advance French armament case last summer, and many see in Tardieu's direction of the Delegation a reversion to Clemenceau-ism. Tardieu is expected to manœuvre the discussions by holding out for a guarantee of mutual aid, failing which France will not agree to reduce her armaments in view of Europe's menacing aspect.

The French thesis reposes on the prospect of an eventual International force at the service of the League, and a French quota may well be offered as a surprise packet. Again, the French may hold in reserve a bargaining asset demanding, as the price of a 25 per cent. cut, a political moratorium making it certain that Germany will not attack the peace treaties over, say, a period of fifteen years. The French are playing a fairly lone hand, more so since Poland and Rumania signed pacts of non-aggression with the Soviet, but Paris has braced up for the ordeal.

On left—SENATOR SWANSON talks to the U.S. Press before the Conference

THE U.S. PRESS SECTION, two members of which are seen here, was received by the delegates before the opening

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Arthur Henderson, with Mrs. Henderson and his secretary, visits the new building where he is presiding

Germany has developed a dark horse in the Ambassador to Turkey, Herr Nadolny, a pale, blond type. The German case, which Herr Brüning will also champion, is that other countries must scale down to Germany's armament, or she will scale up; that war stocks at present in hand must be taken into account; that only direct limitation can prevent camouflaging of armaments in the future; that there must be no discrimination against beaten countries; finally, that there is not a shred of truth in the stories that the Reich has rearmed clandestinely. Herr Nadolny will also talk for Turkey, a non-member of the League, and it is undoubtedly the German argument, supported by a host of others in lesser or greater degree, which France most fears. A missing luminary is Count von Bernstorff, who turned down the French case completely, and only less so the general findings of the Preliminary Commission last year. It is thought he is being held in reserve to bob up later for a Hitlerist Reich.

Italy will repeat her readiness to throw every rifle away provided it leaves her no weaker than the strongest Continental Power—France—but she, unfortunately, is not believed to include the Black Shirts in this noble offer—a grave flaw. However, Grandi is expected to suggest a further armaments truce — he suggested the present one of a year—if things grow too black. Dino Grandi, handsome and black-bearded, is, at thirty-six, generally regarded as the Duce's successor one day unless something exceptional intervenes. He was in the first castor-oil days at Bologna, and was one of two to confront the King after the Fascists had marched into Rome. He has now shed his hot-blooded youth, and is one of the most polished as well as dynamic and popular of diplomats. He will keep Mussolini's (and Grandi's) end up with grace and ability.

Russia's star artist is the heavy Hebrew, Litvinoff, an able citizen, too. The Russians are always very much discussed and "surrounded" at conferences, perhaps because they are the challengers of so much, and hope to upset the apple-cart entirely before they've finished. Litvinoff pleads integral disarming, knowing it impossible, yet thereby enabling Stalin to repeat to his proletariat that it must arm against the rest of us. If the "International bourgeoisie" did happen to disarm, however little, it would still be a gain for this organized mob-mass. In passing, the Russians owe nothing to others in the way of comfortable living at Geneva, many travelling with their wives. Nor are there more assiduous newspaper correspondents than the Soviet's, and they appear to be largely of a race, making it sometimes difficult to see round corners at the League, for noses.

The Poles say they can't disarm to any extent because they dread Germany over the Corridor, also cannot trust Russia. Regarding the Little Entente, of which Benes and Marinkovitch are the bright particular pair, it is said to be up in arms against "Press and similar campaigns aimed at provoking financial, political, and economic disturbances." The Little Entente may have decided not to be so entirely with the France of Tardieu as the Quai d'Orsay would like. It may be looking ahead to the result of the French elections. But Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania cannot be relied on to disarm seriously, the first pleading that Italy is looking longingly at Dalmatia, the second that Hungary's ideas of the future are very alien to her own, the third that the Soviet intends to have Bessarabia one day or know the reason why. And so the distressing tale of lack of trust goes on.

The United States would like to see us in Europe disarm because it would give them a cheap naval supremacy and because we could then pay our debts better, but they haven't much idea of disarming themselves because of the unpeaceful Pacific, also because the great U.S. Armaments Trust is pressing to build as a relief to unemployment. Other stars are the terrible twins of the China seas, Yen and Sato, whose mutual sleek politeness, while their nationals are slaying one another, is a thing to see.

Finally, ourselves and the Dominions. It would be idle to pretend that our attitude of "we've done more than anybody else and we're not going to do any more until you others disarm a bit!" finds much sympathy—indeed, belief—at Geneva. Figures are in existence, taking into account our Indian and Colonial forces, which seem to contradict our statement; while the chief circumstance exercising Englishmen, the neglect of the Air Force to sixth place in the International sky, is also met by local scepticism, if not denial. Both Mr. Gibson and Sir John Simon have difficult times ahead.

What a muddle it all is! And to fall due, for even partial solution, just when the nations are digging in behind their own borders, trusting none but their own selves as never in the past! When they are asked to think internationally they respond by concentrating upon their own prestige and defence. Nor are the wants or needs of many of us in harmony. Some are protected geographically; others are haunted by invasions of the past. Some have to defend an empire across the seas; others have no colonies to speak of, but (like Italy) receive four-fifths of their imports seaborne. There are maritime peoples and land Powers, and others, again, a bit of each. There are countries of increasing natality and others losing every year potential man power. Some of us maintain voluntary forces, others swear by conscription, engrained deep in the economic life of the country.

This country has enormous wealth in cannon fodder and no raw materials; that one makes up for paucity of man power by great industrial resources, which raises the French argument (a vital one) of the *potential* risk of war. This land relies on a militia; that nation has a militia which is not counted in the military budget. Some of us have diplomatic relationships almost equal to alliances; others feel themselves very much out in the cold. The chief Powers—the only countries that really matter—declare they want to disarm, but it seems invariably to turn out that they chiefly want others to do so.

(Continued on p. 244)

SHORE LEAVE

CAFÉ VENDORS make a good deal of money when the French sailors come ashore on leave, for presents must always be bought

MIDNIGHT: A gay group of sailors goes singing to catch the last launch back to their ship. Woe to those who miss it!

THE DANDIES OF THE NAVY are not content with ordinary issue boots but expend their money on civilian footgear which must conform superficially to the orthodox pattern

JUDGE A MAN BY HIS BOOTS—and the sailor on shore leave has a shoe-shine before repairing to the dance hall at Toulon

SUNDAY ASHORE: After a week on board ship, the tars of the French Navy stationed at Toulon swarm ashore for a breath of "land air." The townsfolk reap a rich harvest, café owners and itinerant vendors of all manner of oddments being extensively patronised

SONGS FOR THE SAILORS: Thanks to this automatic auditory apparatus, the sailors on leave can, during their shore leave, absorb the latest songs before going on a cruise to be enlivened by the tunes thus learned. The grim battleships re-echo to the *chansons* of Mistinguett and Chevalier.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR: It is a strange phenomenon to be noted by the psychologists that, while official rifle practice is a bore and a fatigue, no sooner do the sailors come ashore on leave than a rifle-range proves an irresistible bait to their prowess!

WITH THE FRENCH NAVY

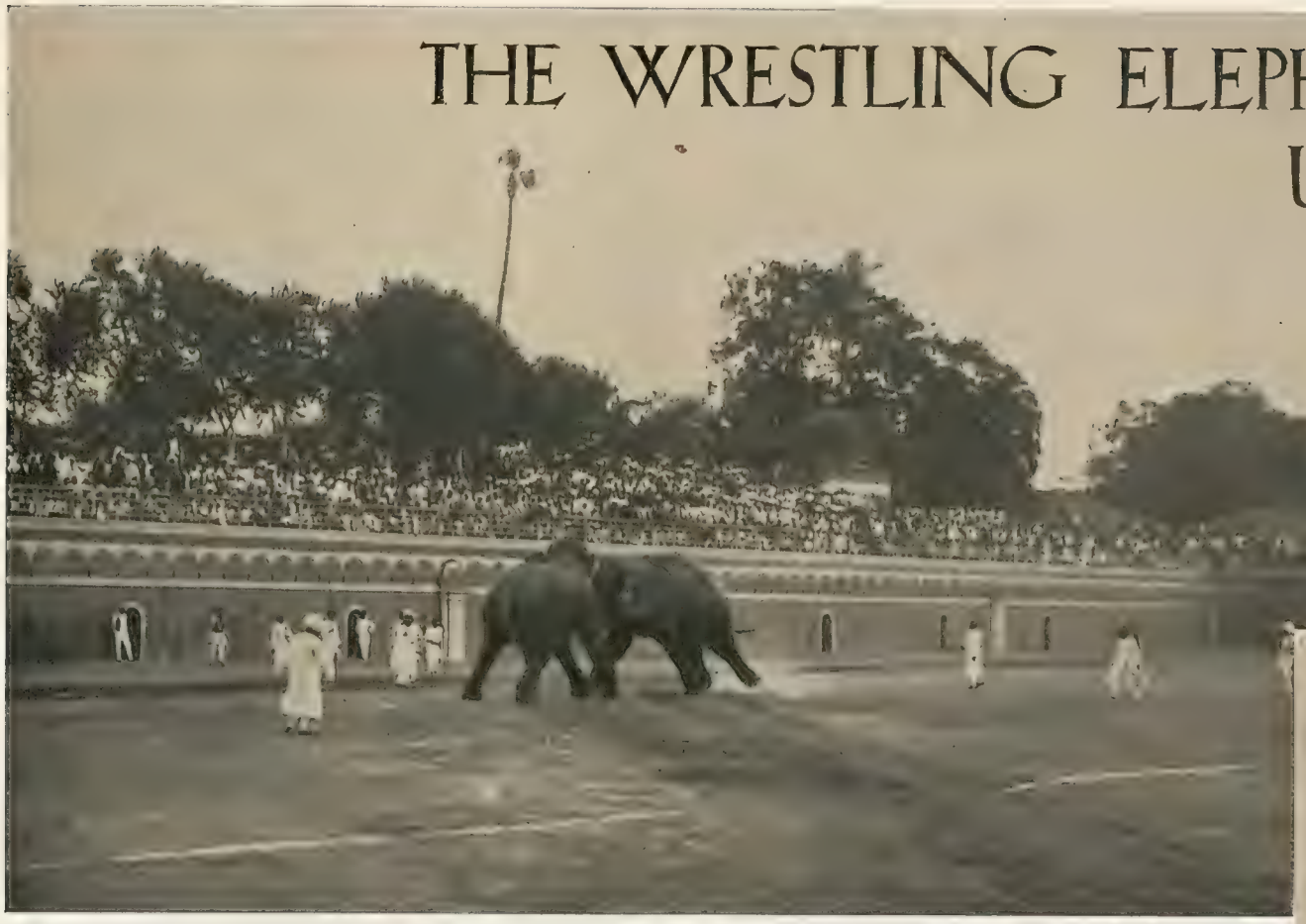
PERIPATETIC PHOTOGRAPHERS are freely engaged by *matelots* in uniform for the benefit of the family picture album

NO CIVILIANS ARE ALLOWED in some of the dance-halls of Toulon which are devoted exclusively to the sailors and their partners

OBJECTS OF ENVY: Those who have obtained shore leave on Sunday are watched with good-humoured jealousy by their mates who have been detailed for guard duty

TO SWEETEN THEIR LOT the sailors buy—or try to win—a pound or so of sugar to eke out their ration

THE WRESTLING ELEPHANTS of UDAIPUR



THE WRESTLING ELEPHANTS OF UDAIPUR: One of the greatest thrills of the Orient is to be found when a must elephant is pitted against another as a spectacle. The beasts fence with their tusks, entwine their trunks, and strain for an hour or more when, exhausted by the struggle, they are parted and chained up. These elephants are owned by the Maharana of Udaipur and are used not only for display, but in the fields and for tiger-hunting

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE: A group of elephants belonging to the Maharana of Udaipur. These are used for work in the fields of the royal estates and also for royal tiger hunts; on great occasions one will be pitted against a must elephant in single combat

Ewing Galloway

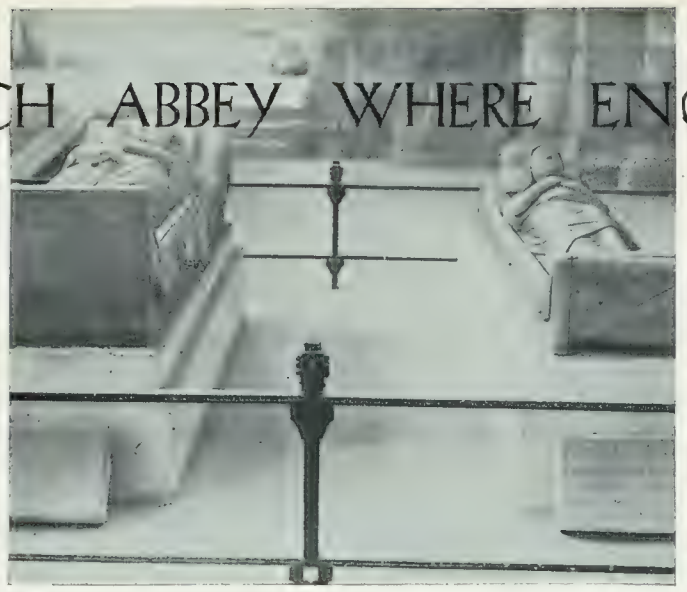
A WATCH TOWER IN UDAIPUR: Note the Jain arches on the right of this portion of the palace

IN FESTAL ARRAY: The elephants of the Maharana of Udaipur are kept very carefully; their toe-nails are prone to grow quickly and are cut, and they are scrubbed once a week. On gala occasions they are gaily caparisoned and painted in earth colours according to the fancy of the artist. Sometimes animals are painted on the elephant, the real eye being used for that of the picture!

FIGHTING ELEPHANTS: A spirited representation from a Persian miniature in Paris. This sport exists to-day in Udaipur; and when one has viewed the wonders of the Maharana's great palace at Udaipur, fished and boated on the beautiful lake (by special permission), it is not perhaps the wonderful surroundings, the noble houses and temples, and wooded hills that attract so much as the courtyard of the palace and the great animals which parade there—dozens of elephants and cattle

A FRENCH ABBEY WHERE ENGLISH KINGS lie buried

PRISONERS AT FONTÉVRAULT: A group of *forçats* on the old stone staircase takes its mournful way to bed. The old corridors that once re-echoed to prayers now hear only curses



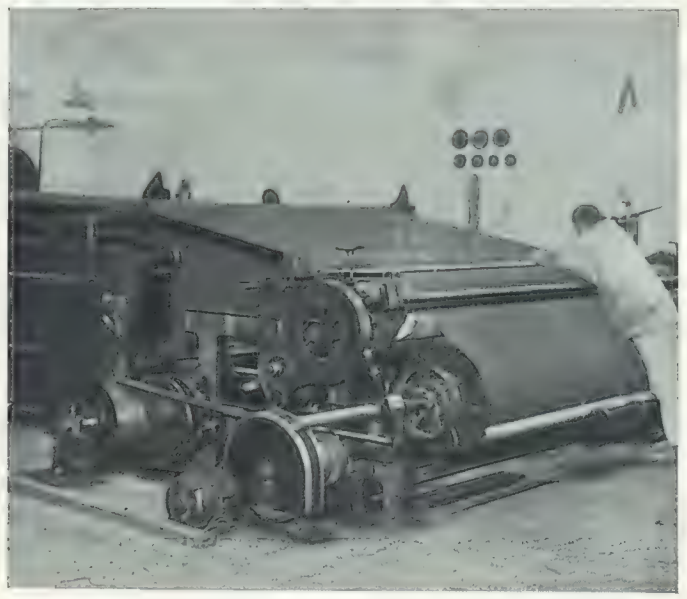
THE LION HEART sleeps in Fontévrault Abbey. On the right is the effigy of Isabella of Angouléme, widow of John "Lack-Land." Hard by are the tombs of Henry II, the first Plantagenet King, and Eleanor of Aquitaine

THE ABBEY CHURCH AT FONTÉVRAULT: This was the first religious foundation to be ruled by a woman The abbess was usually a member of the French Royal House

UP FOR ORDERS: A *forçat* in Fontévrault (whither the most desperate criminals of France are housed before being shipped to Cayenne from St. Martin de Ré) is brought before the Disciplinary Council

DISCIPLINE AT THE ABBEY: The discipline of the prison is enforced by the punishment of marching from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. between the stone blocks on which the convicts rest for ten minutes in sixty

THE "SENATORS" are those convicts who would be sent to Cayenne were they not too old; as it is, they are kept at Fontévrault



WORK IS DONE by some of the criminals at Fontévrault. On this machine materials are made for use in the French cavalry. The discipline under which the convicts are held is very strict

Some of the great French abbeys have not only served as religious foundations but also as prisons. Most notable among these is the Abbey of Mont St. Michel, off the Breton coast; but another, which has a particular connection with English history, is the Abbey of Fontévrault. The foundation of the prison was contemporaneous with that of the abbey.

Nearly a thousand years ago the abbey was inaugurated; since 1099 it has been the seat of the Fontévrault Order, founded by Robert d'Abrissel; it was organized on the lines of the Benedictines. Nuns and monks do not meet, and out of church communication is forbidden.

The Fontévrault Order inaugurated a new epoch in the feminine side of monastic life, giving them a leadership hitherto denied them. The head of the abbey was an abbess, for the first time in history, and she exercised her authority over monks and nuns alike. There was only one monastery in the foundation, but three convents. The former held 200 monks, while Le Grand Moûtier contained 300 *Mères de Chœur;* La Madeleine was used as a place where converted sinners were housed; and the Saint Lazare was a hospital filled with female lepers, to the number of 120.

Within the confines of France the Order gained great popularity; at one time there were thirty subsidiary foundations within the country alone. The abbess was usually a member of the Royal Family of France—a fact which possibly militated against the Order's popularity elsewhere, for only three monasteries were founded in Britain and a few more in Spain.

In 1790 the Order was suppressed by the Revolution; but in 1803 the female Order was reconstituted with headquarters not in Fontévrault. In 1804 the abbey was turned into one of the grimmest prisons in France, and now that certain reconstruction has taken place is used as the central depot for the male criminals condemned to over eight years' hard labour, i.e. to Fontévrault go the *forçats* until they are sent to Saint Martin de Ré, where they stay for three or four weeks before leaving for Devil's Island.

The *forçats* are maintained under a discipline so strict as to be almost tyrannical. While the orderly men are put to work at various trades or machines, the incorrigibles who offend against regulations are punished by marching from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. with ten minutes per hour to rest on stone blocks. Their diet is one bowl of soup per man per day.

Though time and fire have destroyed many of the old abbey buildings the Church of the Grand Moûtier—a twelfth century edifice—is still in good preservation, as is the Romanesque cloister, the refectory, and the chapter house, the last three of which are sixteenth century structures. In the second court of the abbey is the Tour d'Evrault, containing the curious kitchen falsely termed the Funeral Chapel.

The peculiar appeal this abbey has for England, however, is to be found especially in a chapel in the south transept. Here are the effigies of Henry II and his consort Eleanor of Aquitaine, of Richard Cœur de Lion (who is buried in the abbey), and of Isabella of Angoulême, the Queen of King John.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST SHIP

The Norwegian authorities are now engaged in reconstructing the oldest ship—not vessel—in the world. This is the Gokstad Viking ship which, while younger than the dug-out canoe found in Lincolnshire and the galleys of Caligula, is the oldest sea-going vessel ever discovered.

It was found in a tumulus in the village of Gokstad on Christiania Fjord—a mound 150 ft. long which was regarded with superstitious awe by the inhabitants. When science finally overcame superstition, and excavation took place, the bones of the Viking were found, according to tradition, within the ship.

Although not one of the largest Viking ships, she is of the generic type of all such vessels; her keel is 57 ft. long, and her seaworthiness is apparent from her lines. Her hull is clinker built of oak and is caulked with hair and some unidentified sticky substance. It was evidently built into the ship, and not forced in by irons after construction.

Burred iron rivets fasten the garboard strake to the keel, the planks to one another, and the ends to the stem and stern. The sharply raking stem and stern-posts are not fixed directly to the keel but through intermediate pieces which are both lashed and nailed.

Placed at about A.D. 900, the vessel has beautifully sweet lines, fine at the ends and flattish amidships, which would not disgrace any yacht designer of to-day! The reconstruction which she is now undergoing will restore her as nearly as possible to her original form.

Mr. James Hornell points out an astonishing similarity of construction between the Viking ships of both early and late design with native craft in the Moluccas. In the earlier and simpler type of Viking ship the frames were inserted after the form of the ship had been built up with planks, whereto they were attached not by nails or bolts, although the overlapped seams of these clinker-built boats were secured by many scores of iron rivets, but by means of lashings first passed through holes in cleats projecting from the inner side of the planks and then through other holes bored through the ribs themselves.

In the earlier design the cleats were arranged in pairs at definite intervals along the plank or strake. When placing the planks in position they were so fitted that each pair of cleats on any one plank was in vertical alignment with a pair on the one above and the one below. In this way the inner side of the planked-up hull was traversed by vertical series of cleats, equal in number to that of the frames to be inserted.

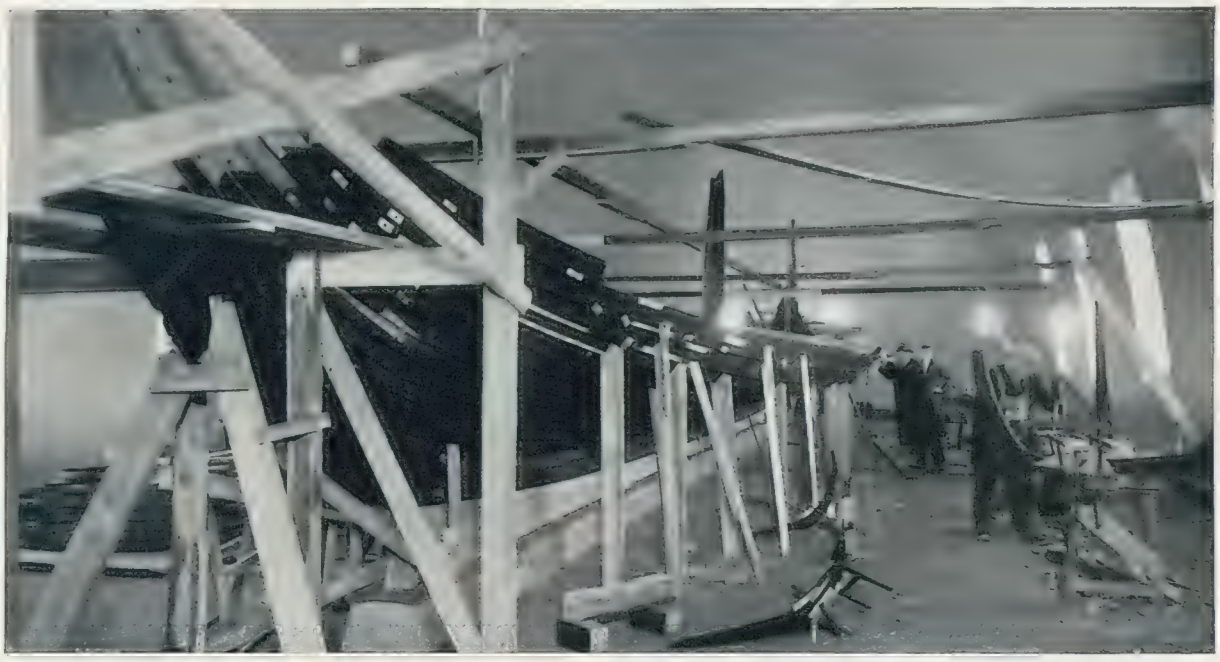
Such procedure is utterly contrary to modern practice, but under the conditions in which these ancient boats were employed it was evidently a sound and practical system of construction. While it was probably far from ensuring a dry hold, it had the merit of imparting a certain elasticity to the structure, useful, for instance, when bumping over a shallow sea-bar into the security of some small river or creek.

Nowhere in the world are the frames of a boat inserted in a comparable manner except in the Moluccas, the group farthest east of the island-world of Indonesia, and, strangely enough, in a ruder form in the savage Solomon Islands. In both localities we find a type of boat closely resembling the outward appearance of a small Viking ship: the freeboard low, the stem and stern running into high up-turned ends, and the frames inserted in the Viking manner by lashings securing them to cleats left on the planks when these were adzed out of a thick log. Minor differences occur: in the Moluccas the planks are pinned together edge to edge with tree-nails; in the Solomons, the edges are chamfered and then sewn together with cord made of palm fibre through holes bored through the opposed margins.

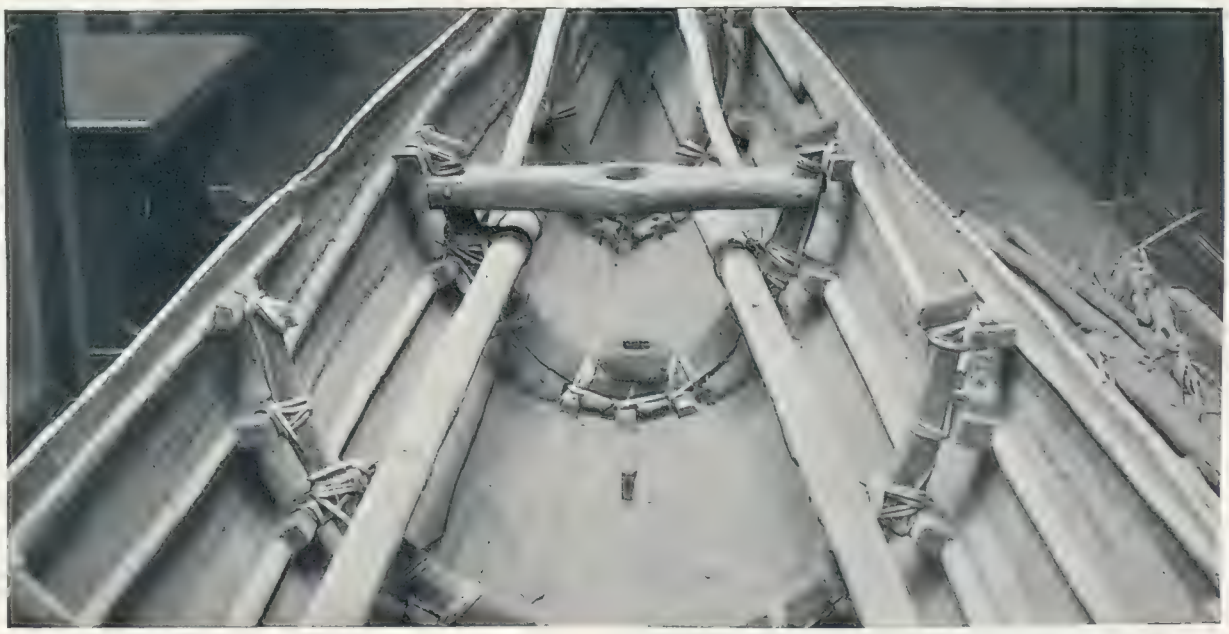
Why the same general design should be found in places on opposite sides of the earth, and not in any intermediate localities, is a very difficult problem to solve.

THE STERN: The reconstructed portions can be discerned by the light colour of the wood used in the replacements. The workman provides an unintentional but efficacious scale by which the size of the type of craft which, in A.D. 900, covered the Atlantic, may be assessed

THE BOW: Unhappily both the bow and stern-post have rotted away and the hulk has perforce been supplied with new ones. The loftiness of both bow and stern rendered the vessel amazingly seaworthy



THE WHOLE VESSEL: This view shows the type of boat in which seventy men or more crossed the Atlantic. On the floor in the foreground one of the beams is being forced into shape, as it had been sadly bent by the pressure of the earth with which it had been buried. The alteration in form was achieved by steam. When first unearthed the woodwork was as soft as soap



By courtesy of the British Museum

A SOLOMON ISLAND WAR CANOE is built on exactly the same lines as a Viking ship. The inside of the bow of such a vessel is seen here and shows the ribs tied with leather thongs to cleats on the planks. No reason has yet been found why such a unique similarity of design should be found in places so far apart; the specialization of the method militates against the possibility of independent evolution and, unless the diffusion occurred via Siberia, there is no record of the Vikings ever sailing farther east than Egypt

THE GOLDEN ANONYMOUS VOICE: An announcer before the microphone. Before him lies a manuscript of the matter which he has to give out over the ether

"DEEGEE": Sir John Reith, Director-General of the B.B.C.

HEARD

The Anonymous Per
General, Sir John

A FAMOUS TEAM: Mr. Michael Hogan and Miss Mabel Constanduros, whose joint broadcast turns are immensely popular

THE DRAMATIC CONTROL PANEL: The function of this organization is to synchronize various effects produced in the various studios and enable them to be simultaneously broadcast

MISS CLARICE MAYNE, who duplicates her stage triumphs on the air

MISS JEAN MELVILLE, who accompanies any audition test that may desire it

NÉGLIGÉ is permitted to the B.B.C. orchestra, which is here seen preparing to broadcast from the largest of the studios at Savoy Hill

It was with an almost uniquely fresh mind that I made my way to the B.B.C. at Savoy Hill last week to learn as much as I could about broadcasting and the broadcasters. The occasions I have listened in can be counted on the fingers—and without the thumb—of one hand. When Melba broadcast from the Hague about eight years ago, and the tune was mostly provided by an adjacent electric train, I heard her on one of the very few sets in the whole country. Twice I have listened-in to the Savoy dance band when in North Wales, but that was six years ago, and the mountains got in the way of the transmission. The fourth time was when I sat with a man in Brook Street at 2 a.m. trying to get America, when America would not come through.

Apart from that, I am conscious of having a first cousin who is assistant-director of programmes. But I have only met him once, and that was at a Royal Literary Fund dinner. And, finally, I know David Tennant and Eric Dunstan who used to be announcers. They still say that Eric Dunstan had the most golden voice ever heard over the wireless, and merely to hear him read out the fat stock prices was a thrill for flappers and matrons too.

But in the past few days I have learnt a lot. The first impression you get is that nearly all the men on the staff are, in the words of the song, tall and dark and handsome (and incidentally depressed), while the girl-secretaries all have public-school voices, and many of them double-barrelled surnames. Take the announcers whose identity used to be wrapped in mystery, and even now is concealed as far as possible. Mr. John Snagge is the youngest and darkest of them all. His appearance has the same heavy romantic quality as his voice. Then there is Mr. Frederick Grisewood. He is dark and handsome, and smokes a dark and handsome pipe. Tall and dark and lean is Mr. G. D. Adams. The only exception is Mr. Stuart Hibberd, who is almost ginger-haired. But this quality of darkness is maintained by Mr. Val Gielgud, who is in charge of the plays, and by Messrs. Fielden and Ackerley, who are in charge of the general talks. And they all have quite beautiful voices. You become conscious of it long before you realize that, of course, it is their voices—except in the case of Mr. Gielgud—which pay their income-tax.

As it is not easy to know where to begin, because I took at least three bites at this Savoy Hill cherry, perhaps it will be best to tell my adventures in their rather haphazard chronological order. Well, let me begin with one of the Monday and Wednesday vaudeville auditions. Every year 2,500 people, men and women, apply for auditions, and they are always granted. And every year about a hundred new acts are booked. This is 4 per cent., although Mr. Bertram Fryer, the man who takes the auditions, feels himself uncommonly lucky if he gets two really first-class new turns in the whole year. The procedure is that applicants are told to arrive in batches of four every half hour from 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. They are put in a waiting-room, and then led to a studio where an accompanist, Miss Jean Melville, lends them a hand if they want it. Their number is then read out through the microphone, which connects with a small, cream-coloured room on the ground floor where Mr. Fryer sits, listens, and takes notes. Mr. Fryer is never told their names, so that he cannot be prejudiced one way or the other, and he frequently turns down big music-hall acts. Nor does he see them. After six weeks a letter will be sent to the applicant if it is decided to give him or her a contract. If the applicants do not hear from the B.B.C. by that time it can be taken for granted that success has not attended their efforts. This system saves all the friction of personal contact between the artistes and Mr. Fryer. It also saves a good deal of correspondence. On occasion, the unsuccessful ones write to ask for another try, and they are given it. But there is only one known case where this has proved successful, and that was solely because the material was changed for the better in the second instance.

The first of the unseen artistes then came through on the microphone. She was humming while playing the piano—and it was terrible. There was no need to ask whether she had passed. While waiting for the next, Mr. Fryer told me that Miss Mabel Constanduros is one of the biggest favourites on the wireless. This is because she is able to create "lovable" types. Her characterization is exactly true. Indeed, she goes to the East End in search of material, and works like a slave on her manuscript. Above all, she is "very domestic," which is what the B.B.C. likes. Cicely Courtneidge and the Hulberts are also great successes on the wireless. Like other stars, they work far harder on their wireless turns than the amateurs. Harry Tait is another case in point. He realizes that the wireless is a totally different medium, and so he has developed an equally different technique.

You might suppose that this was a long conversation to have while the humming soloist was doing her stuff. But each artist is allowed eight minutes to put herself over, and this one, like all the others, took her full time, not realizing that she had not a chance after the first ten seconds. A piano soloist came next. She was beyond belief and past the age of sixty and, so we were told later, wanted a job as the official accompanist of the B.B.C. While she was tinkling hopefully away Mr. Fryer told me how many of the big artistes take all their props with them into the broadcasting studio to give them atmosphere. Thus Clarice Mayne, when singing Marie Lloyd's "Cock Linnet" song, brought a stuffed bird in a cage with her. Leonard Henry also insists on bringing all his props.

Another fluffy-fingered pianist with no sense of rhythm took the place of the old lady. "Pure amateur," said Mr. Fryer judicially. "More than fifty per cent. of them are amateurs. They have a great belief in themselves, poor dears, and are very earnest about it. But they have no personality." Eight minutes later came a high baritone who sounded as though he might have a chance until he started to sing "desoyr" for desire.

"We immediately rule out anyone who plays tricks with the English language," said Mr. Fryer "The number of people who put an aitch into 'world' would stagger you. Of course, dialect is dialect, but if people are trying to speak the King's English they have got to do so to get past."

Next came a "high-class" vocalist. She was a strained soprano and had no chance. "If anything good does come on it makes one sit up like a knife," said Mr. Fryer. "It's a joy to hear it, but it is very seldom."

The next was a tenor with both nerves and adenoids. "We always allow for nerves," said Mr. Fryer, "but not for adenoids." The tenor was followed by a reciter. His patter began, "Ah've got a poem that will tell you of the ahgony of the past twelve months." It sounded hopeful and humorous to me. But I was wrong. It was a serious piece and went something like this—

". . . the pride that goes before a fall
I thought it clever to deride
The platitude of "Aren't we all?"

While he droned on, Miss Melville told me of some of the pitfalls to beware of, if you intend asking for an audition. It appears that every class of singer and performer has a favourite piece, and a muted groan goes up from Mr. Fryer when it is suggested as the audition number. Xylophone players always produce "Zampa." Banjoists bring the Overture to "William Tell." Tenors choose "For You Alone." Sopranos plump for "Brown Bird Singing" and "Break of Day." Contraltos burst into "My Prayer." Basses sing "Drinking." Street singers always choose "River, Stay Away from my Door." Russian acts seldom choose "The Volga Boat Song," and are the most original of the usual applicants. Violinists have a passion for "Czigane Weisen." 'Cellists ask to play Massenet's "Elegy"; and pianists always play the "Rhapsody in Blue" (or at least have a shot at it)

By this time a banjoist, who was so deaf that he had to play by eye or memory instead of by ear, had the place of the gloomy reciter.

When he had finished, I went to the studio in order to see the procedure. The studio is like a long drawing-room with blue and beige draperies. A pretty girl in a brown hat and blue costume was about to start. She had thick ankles, and one guessed that she was a singing-dancing act from some little night club cabaret. She had a nice little voice, and gesticulated gently to her imaginary night club clientèle while she sang a crooning number. When it came to an end, she did a couple of steps in front of the impassive microphone and unconsciously waited for the applause she did not get. I have seldom seen anything so cruel in my life. That girl positively wilted, while the pianist, without comment, started on the next tune. By this time she was losing her nerve fast. But she was a brave kid and went through with it and the next one—to the bitter end. There was a kind of crying smile pinned on to her face by the time she had finished, and I felt really sorry when Mr. Fryer told me afterwards that, for an invisible audience like himself in the other room, she had no personality at all.

There were two other aspirants to wireless fame—a well-known music-hall act whose fate still hangs in

BUT NEVER SEEN

sonnel of the B.B.C.—Including the Almost Uninterviewed Director-Reith—Reveal the Inner Workings of the Gigantic Organization

By CHARLES GRAVES

the balance, and an eighteen-year-old student from an elocution school whose fate was never in any doubt at all. Thus the audition ended, and we had a much needed cup of tea. There is no doubt about it. It is as easy for a camel to negotiate a needle as it is for an amateur's personality and talent to emerge successfully from a microphone.

My next port of call was the Talks Department, where I spoke to Mr. Ackerley and Mr. Fielden. Mr. Ackerley told me about the people who do the talks, and Mr. Fielden about the programmes.

"The secret of good talking on the wireless," said Mr. Ackerley, "is to be natural and to have personality, but it is so hard not to adopt a lecturing manner. One way of avoiding this is to use 'don'ts' and 'won'ts' instead of 'do nots' and 'will nots.' Then again, it is most essential to emphasize the important words in each sentence. You must remember that all you have got is a voice. A disarming smile is useless. You *must* persuade the people to listen. Desmond McCarthy, who does the book talks, wags his finger at the microphone. He hesitates before using a word, although he knows it quite well. He is so used to the microphone that he can forget it, which is why he is so popular and successful. Many of the voices we get here are remarkably plummy. Others are affected. Others suffer from defects caused by false teeth. Hissing your S's is fatal, though lisping does not matter much. Oddly enough, people never stammer in front of the microphone."

At that moment Mr. Frank Dobson, the sculptor, who was obviously terrified, was led like a sheep to the slaughter. We listened for a moment to his audition, and then Mr. Ackerley named a few of the people who have, in his opinion, ideal microphone voices. They include Sir Walter Davies, James Agate, Bernard Shaw, and A. J. Alan. He also told me that when Tallulah Bankhead went to broadcast she fainted right away with nerves. *That* will show you what a microphone can do.

Mr. Fielden, who is in charge of the general talks, then recalled the days when anybody who came to do a talk was welcomed with open arms and two guineas spot cash. Since then the department has been properly organized and looks weeks ahead for the subject of its talks. "It's terribly hard work thinking out new stunts," he said. "Each time I complete a programme I feel it is the last I shall ever be capable of doing. It grows harder and harder to sting the listener into appreciation. And even when you have got a really good stunt, the people who take part in it may ruin the whole thing because of their lack of personality.

"One of our difficulties is that people are much more sensitive to broadcasting than they are to the written word, and if the speaker goes an inch over the edge, even on a subject like the League of Nations, shoals of letters pour in. And that you will realize, is a serious matter. For we have no rubber stamp and no set formula for reply. I have to write separately to each of the complainants. Just to give you an idea of the kind of letter I get—and must answer—look at this." He handed me the following :—

DEAR MR. FIELDEN,

It seems to be my lot in life to ask those in authority and semi-authority "very difficult" questions. It's a wearing and thankless job, for so few of them respond officially, though they are, most of them, charming in their refusals, as you are.

Fancy asking anyone to believe that one can *train* a herd of wild hippos to jump a waterfall. The impudence of the assertion takes one's breath away; but seeing that those who make money out of these atrocities depend, not only for their money but for encouragement to pursue these cruelties, on the kindly tolerance of the uniformed individuals who form the backbone of this country, don't you think it is our duty to put the latter wise? . . .

. . . Are we really to understand, therefore that the B.B.C is prepared to allow deliberate untruths to appear in their publications and to encourage a disreputable trade to flourish under their patronage, but not to allow the other side to state what it is convinced is the truth of the matter? I feel sure that this aspect of the subject cannot have occurred to you, but there it is, and it is my unpleasant duty to point it out.

Of what exactly are you apprehensive? Is it the amount of correspondence you think you would have afterwards? If this is all, why not announce in advance that correspondence must be limited to a postcard saying whether or no the individual listener wishes for more talks of a 'controversial' nature, and decide the matter by weight of postcards received.

Won't you give the experiment a trial?

Yours sincerely."

The letter bag is only one of the many ardours and endurances of the Talks department. The chief difficulty is to find fresh subjects for people to talk about. Tales of adventure are the most popular. The "Escapes" series was a great success, and Mr. Fielden hopes to follow it up in the near future with one on "Exploits", such as Sir Hubert Wilkins's adventures under the ice. He had also tried to do one on "Spies" before discovering that all English Secret Service agents sign a document to say that they will never disclose anything about their missions even after they have left the service.

"On an average we get about six suggestions and six manuscripts a day," he went on, "but it is so very seldom that they are good. Whenever some anniversary crops up, like the landing at Gallipoli, we get dozens of offers for a talk on the subject. To-day's list includes an offer for a talk on 'painting in tempora'; two offers to read poetry; another offer to do a talk on humorous police court incidents; and an offer to do a talk on dancing. We also have numbers of short story manuscripts, but with very few exceptions they are no use at all. I still hope that clever writers will one day decide that it is worth their while to write direct for the wireless.

As for discussions—they are extremely hard to manage. People are so inclined to freeze at the microphone if they have not got a manuscript. And if they have one, it sounds too much like a couple of lecturers taking turns at speaking. Despite this, I am trying to persuade two V.C.s to discuss the War. I have persuaded one to say that he thoroughly enjoyed the War, and I thought I had got another one to say that he hated every minute of it. But now he has turned tail, and I cannot find another V.C. to take his place. You see, the ideas nearly always have to come from this department. In the past five years I can recall only three really good ideas that came to us from the outside. And one of those was from H. G. Wells."

From Mr. Fielden I went to Mr. Val Gielgud. I was beginning to wonder whether anybody at Savoy Hill felt really happy. We at once started to discuss "Rope" and the question of how far the B.B.C. is entitled to horrify people. Mr. Gielgud has his own opinion of these things.

"We ought no longer to assume," he said, "that everyone ought to be able to listen to everything. If we did, we would have to cut out minority audiences altogether. It would be grotesque for us deliberately to frighten patients in hospital. And yet if we cannot do an occasional thriller, we will be still further constricted in our scope. Sex is cut out entirely from wireless programmes, unless it is a classical play, and when sex becomes classical it ceases to be sex. Triangular dramas are entirely barred. A man may not even kiss another man's wife on the wireless" (unless it be his mother!). "Furthermore, current political plays are also taboo, and likewise plays on religious subjects. Surely, then, we must be allowed the luxury of an occasional thriller, or rather detective story, which is what 'Rope' was really. Though fond of Ian Hay and Shakespeare, it would be somewhat boring if we had to confine ourselves entirely to them. After 'Rope,' I had about 120 letters forwarded to me from Broadcasting House, where Mr. Wade receives the brunt of the correspondence. By no means were all of them condemnatory.

"One said, '*Rope' was a nice little play—neither puzzling nor exciting. Nowadays it is well-known that women can stand anything. Listeners are neither neurotic nor weak-minded. Judge not, and thou shalt not be judged.*"

Mr. Gielgud paused for a moment and then continued. "Of course, a very large number of letters are written by cranks, and it would be fatal to base one's policy on the letter bag. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to ignore it altogether. Now and then letters are quite helpful, particularly when they contain technical hints about the mechanical sounds made to imitate aeroplanes and so on. Sometimes we get letters from the Board of Governors. Lady Snowden listens in a good deal, I believe."

In the course of the next day or so I spoke to a number of the staff at Savoy Hill, over which seems to brood the dynamic shadow of Sir John Reith, always spoken of in terms of awe as "Deegee," which means Director-General. Deegee has given only one interview in his life, I believe, and that was alfresco. But by one of those happy coincidences which occasionally occur I encountered him at Broadcasting House gazing at his new quarters there, and wondering where to put his furniture.

From other people I gather that the B.B.C.'s only equivalent is the Bank of England—or possibly the Port of London Authority. In other words, the staff are not Civil Servants. The B.B.C. has a charter and a monopoly because it is too big to be an ordinary private company, There is a Board of Governors headed by the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, but, frankly, they do not seem to cut much ice. Sir John Reith's attitude, I think, is that it is rather like the Diplomatic Service, which may account for the

(Continued on p. 244)

"STORM AT SEA": The room in which all auditory effects are produced by a variety of unusual means—known as "Effects Studio, Savoy Hill"

A FAMOUS DANCE ORCHESTRA: Jack Payne and his B.B.C. dance orchestra, whose brilliant melody rejoices listeners nightly

MR. VAL GIELGUD who controls the dramatic entertainments

MR. ADRIAN BOULT the Director of Music at the B.B.C.

A VARIETY TURN: Street artists at Savoy Hill formed an unusual and very popular item, which was much appreciated by thousands of listeners-in

THE HULBERTS, Jack and Claude, are extremely popular on the air — a popularity shared by Mrs. Jack Hulbert (Cicely Courtneidge)

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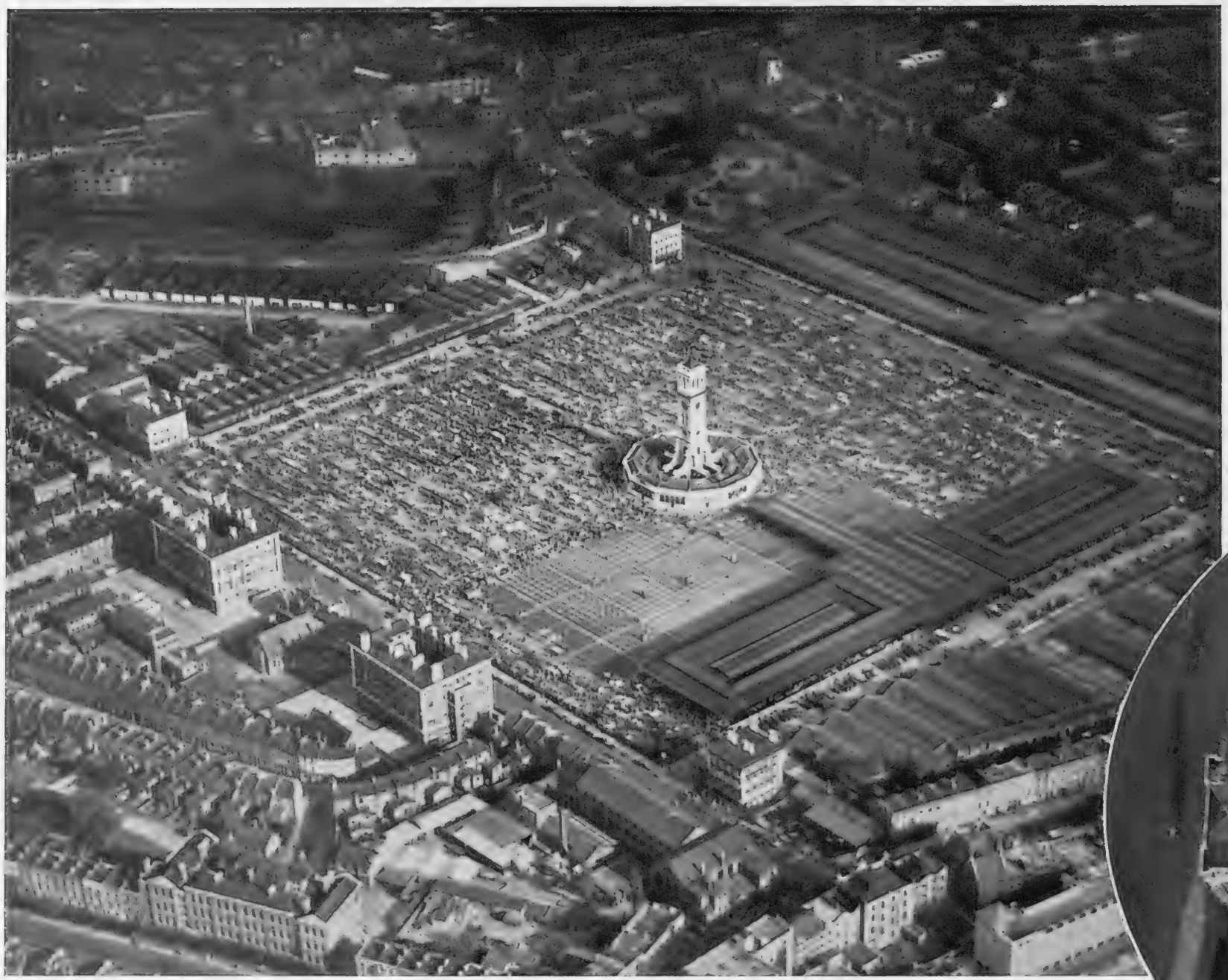


CALEDONIAN MARKET: The great bargain-hunting centre of Islington. The central tower contains offices connected with the organization. There are not so many treasures to be picked up for a song as was once the case

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: An example of modern Byzantine work built thirty years ago. The domes on the summit are little recognized by the average beholder

KEW GARDENS: A section of the 288 acres of the Royal Botanic Gardens wherein over 24,000 varieties of plants are under cultivation. Originally the area formed the grounds of two famous mansions, Richmond Lodge and Kew House. The former was a favourite residence of George II, the latter of George III. Kew Gardens were founded in 1759–60 by the Dowager-Princess Augusta. The large building here seen is the Palm House, before which lies the pond. *On the left,* facing one end of this sheet of water is Museum Island

ORNAMENTAL WATER: The two most famous examples in London—the Serpentine, are seen above. The former, long famous for its rowers in braces and its hardy mixed bathing in summer, while not abandoning its earlier features; the latter is them are of extreme elaboration; others, little twopen

LONDON from the AIR

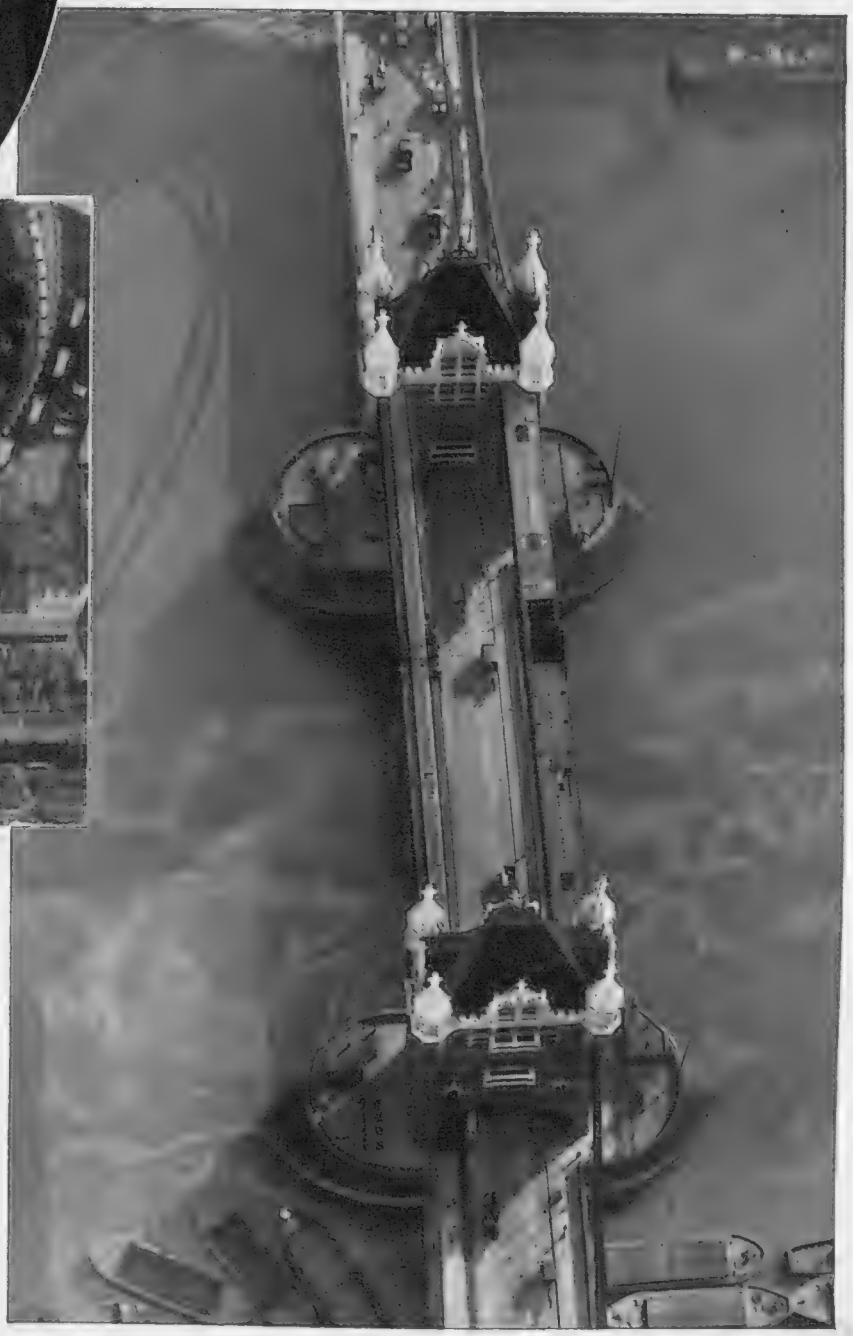
erpetual Surprises and rpetual Alteration of the wnscape form the Lot of the Aerial Observer

THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS have now been sold to the L.C.C. and will be open to the public on April 1

THE QUADRANT: This easterly curve of Regent Street, near Piccadilly Circus, was designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, Sir Aston Webb, and Mr. Ernest Newton. *Inset in the ovat above* is the top of the Albert Hall

ntine, the scene of the Lansbury Lido, and the Round Pond—hardy early morning winter ice-breakers, is now devoted to ter is famous for the small craft sailed by children: some of wopenny craft from the toy shops

THE OLD POETIC CRY, "What do they know of England, who only England know," might with truth, in view of the pictures on this double page, be rewritten: "What do they know of London, who know it not from the air?" The novelty of the approach, the new aspects, the unsuspected details spring at one with a freshness and a surprise not even the most sanguine could anticipate. It is with the object of enabling our readers to appreciate this exciting viewpoint that "The Sphere" presents such familiar sights as these



TOWER BRIDGE: The unique "jawed" bridge over the Thames. The aerial picture shows the shadow of the structure falling on the water, and also presents the contours of the river bed—an unusual sight in view of the muddiness of the Thames

BOOKS—

An Indictment of America: A Superb Guide to English Poetry: A Fine Long Novel: A Ruritanian Romance: A Folk-Story of Distinction

By CECIL ROBERTS

One bright January night in the year 1926 I came down from the elevated railway in Chicago, and passed under the bridge on my way to my host's house, when I suddenly found myself looking down the barrel of a revolver and into the face of a vicious fellow, whose purpose left me in no doubt. Across the road, covering him in case of interruption, was a confederate. This I realized was one of those "hold up's" about which I had read so often. Until that moment the wild stories I had heard of Chicago had been nothing more than fables. They belonged to a world with which I had no acquaintance and was not concerned with.

In the depth of that winter's night I had on a fur coat and wore a pearl pin. Whether they sought either or both of these, as well as the money in my pocket, I know not. I learned later from a hostess that she had been stripped of her furs in her own car under the eyes of her chauffeur.

Clearly mine was no position in which to resist. It was midnight, and very dark under that railway arch. The brute in front of me would not hesitate to "bump me off," as they put it picturesquely in that city of five murders a day. I was prepared to yield up everything, when deliverance came. A motor-car with tremendous headlights suddenly swept in under the arch, lighting up the whole place. This sudden illumination of a dark deed unnerved my assailant. In a second he had "beat it." The occupants of the car, who had taken in the situation at a glance, stopped and asked me if I was hurt. They were then good enough to convey me to my host's house, where, a little shaken by my experience, I told my story. My host made no comment at the time, but the next morning at breakfast said, "I didn't want to upset you any more, but at that very spot where you were held up they shot a man dead last week. It may be the same gang operating."

MR. LOUIS GOLDING whose huge novel of Jewry, *Magnolia Street*, has developed into a best seller

That ended my experience of Chicago gunmen. I never went out again in a fur coat or wearing a pin. A few days later I saw Rockefeller's daughter walking down Michigan Avenue with a huge "protector" half-a-dozen yards behind. He had permission to carry a gun. There was a lot of kidnapping going on and this was the bodyguard. When Americans have the impertinence to advise us how to rule India or Palestine, and to be more tender to the precious Mr. Gandhi, I am inclined to ask whether they had not better confine their attention to home affairs, to the shootings, the racketeering, the nigger-burnings, and other hourly diversions of a half-civilized mob, a venial law system, and corrupt police and politicians.

Mr. F. D. Pasley, who createda sensation with his biography of Al Capone, now gives us *Muscling In* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). It deals with gangster racketeering which to day has a throttle-hold on American business. Bootlegging started the game, now a hundred large businesses in the chief cities of the United States, the cleaning and dyeing in Chicago, the bus and transport services in Detroit, the milk and fish trades in New York, to name only a few, are in the grip of gangdom. Here are crime, murder, blackmail, kidnapping, extortion, all done with the connivance of the law. The head of a business or of a trades union one day finds a couple of men standing in his office. He is informed that he has to hand over the organization to the gang, which will extract a high percentage of its annual revenue. If he refuses—and he rarely does—he is probably a dead man within twenty-four hours. His murderers may be arrested and tried, but no jury will ever convict. The witnesses "disappear." In one case 789 jurymen were empanelled before a "pure" jury could be found. The "pure" jury acquitted the accused in the face of the clearest evidence of murder.

No business remains safe. Three thousand beauty parlours were brought under the racket. The gangsters made up a list of their victims from a telephone directory, and visited each establishment. If a proprietor rejected their claims her place received a warning bomb, made of black powder, and usually placed on the ledge of the window. She would be approached the second time, and if still obstinate her shop would be demolished with a dynamite bomb. There is no limit to the effrontery of these racketeers. They put the Mayor of Chicago into office, and out again. They dismissed the State Attorney when he threatened to become troublesome. When Chicago wanted a quiet election the authorities arranged it with Al Capone, and it became a quiet election. His machine-guns did not come into action.

Sob sentiment is nicely mixed with murder. The public was touched by the story of one gangster who trained a machine-gun on the door by which his rival would emerge. But the rival came out with a strange lady. The murder was not committed. "I wouldn't hurt his poor wife by showing him up like that," said the gangster.

Mr. Pasley's book surprises us and yet does not surprise us. The next time some American committee expresses its agitation over our conduct in regard to our own affairs I would suggest that a few copies of Mr. Pasley's study of hell on earth should be sent to it. Mr. Pasley takes your breath away as often as his gangsters took a life away. He is a courageous fellow, and yet I think he will never dare to walk about Chicago again.

RECOMMENDED LIST

Biography:
"Ludendorff": the Tragedy of a Specialist, by Karl Tschuppik (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net).

Adventure:
"Hellhounds of France": the Foreign Legion, by Ex-Legionnaire 1384 (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d. net).

"Down Under": an Australian Odyssey, by R. W. Thompson (Duckworth. 12s 6d. net).

"Black Frontier": South African Adventures, by Sam Kemp (Harrap. 8s. 6d. net).

Novels:
"Napoleon and the Cossacks," by Peter N. Krassnoff (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net).

"The Marvellous Boy" (Thomas Chatterton), by Ernst Penzoldt (Harrap. 10s. 6d. net).

"Imperial Majesty," by Alexei Tolstoy (Mathews and Marrot. 8s. 6d. net).

Whenever I hear some intelligent person say that he does not like poetry and does not understand it, I know that he has been unfortunate in his introduction to the Muse. She has many dresses and moods, but to understand her is to love her, and she holds the key to the beauty of the world. I wish that at school I had been fortunate enough to have placed into my hands so clear and comprehensive a guide as *Signpost to Poetry* by Humbert Wolfe (Cassell, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Wolfe has told briefly the whole history of the growth of English poetry from Beowulf down to so recent a modernist as F. S. Flint. He has managed to pursue the connecting links through this long and rich tradition with most illuminating comment and catholicity of taste. But this is something more than a text-book. It has a practical object in that it explains the nature and forms of poetry, but Mr. Humbert Wolfe has not been able to suppress himself, with the result that page after page is made memorable by his own critical dicta and a wealth of imagery that is in itself a fund of poetry.

It is refreshing to see that one so advanced as Mr. Wolfe does not deem it necessary to jeer at Tennyson, or to praise Keats at the expense of Wordsworth. He is aware and grateful for the gifts they placed in the lap of literature, nor does a fine sensitiveness to their metrical delicacy render him incapable of measuring the rougher greatness of Browning. And in his final chapter on the present and the future in verse he almost convinces me that the Imagists, the Pounds, the Sitwells and the Flints, are achieving a music for which the ear must be developed, and not merely a riotous concatenation of words. It is a long time since I read a little book on a great subject so sensitively and broadly written.

When Miss Helen Simpson wrote her first novel and I was called upon to hail the advent of genius I put down her book with deep disappointment. It appeared to me to be meaninglessly adventurous, but with her new novel *Boomerang* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), I salute a very fine achievement. It is a story that covers an astonishingly varied territory and space of time and events. We start with the first de Mortemar, in the 1780's, who becomes king of the island of Corazon in the West Indies. He is a kind of Vicar of Bray and remains to rule whatever conqueror comes to shore. He journeys to England to find a wife, and marries the first girl he runs over with his coach. The dynasty was thus founded, but was almost engulfed by the submerging of the island. The scene now moves to the interior of Australia, most vividly presented, and moves again to Paris, the Paris of 1870. From then on the story follows his children in boomerang fashion between France and Australia, until we come to Clothilde, and the late war. It is impossible to convey in this space the sweep of this long novel, its richness of scene and character, its sustained vitality, its astonishing verisimiltude. The closing scene, the death of a doctor among his wounded men, is written with a concentrated power that should enable Miss Simpson to achieve the greatest work. It is terrible both in its pain and beauty. Do not miss this novel.

Mr. Roland Pertwee can always be relied upon for sprightly entertainment. In *A Prince of Romance* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) he, too, takes an island for the setting of his story, and by a continued coincidence he describes a dynasty, but more in the Ruritanian tradition. The Prince of Syrilla rules over a Monaco-like principality, somewhere in the Mediterranean sea. All might have gone well had not the Prince taken it into his head to marry a light-footed and light-headed young lady of doubtful history. Their married life lasted ten minutes, when a bomb curtailed the honeymoon. We then met the young Prince who succeeded, met him through the eyes of a gallant old Tory with a passion for cock-fighting and good deportment. At this stage a sinister business man enters with the mission of industrializing the island of Syrilla. Mr. Pertwee's novel would seem to be a tract in the folly of educating people. Syrilla was a very happy island until its people were educated into discontent. There is all the adventure anyone could want in this story of a principality, told with considerable wit and a fine gift of satire. Plot, passion, fighting, there are all the ingredients of four hours' swift entertainment.

Mr. Ivor Brown's novel, *Marine Parade* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) tells the story of an American who returns to the seaside town of his ancestors and is highly amused by their old fashioned ideas, the struggle of a vanishing squirearchy, the invasion of house-builders and town improvers, the habits of

(Continued on p. 244)

NOTABLE WOMEN IN A WOMAN'S PLACE: Miss Catherine Lacey and Dame Sybil Thorndike in *The Dark Saint*—a grim play at the Fortune Theatre. The fine acting of Miss Lacey has considerably fluttered the theatrical dovecotes

PLAYS—

The Superb Cochran Show Vehicle of a Tragedy

By PHILIP

It is significant that almost the only dissentients from the ecstatic chorus of praise which (in my opinion quite deservedly) has greeted Mr. C. B. Cochran's production of "*Helen!*" at the Adelphi Theatre have been those who have declared that this is magnificent, but it is not Offenbach. In each case the grouse, or semi-grouse, has come from people who could not possibly have seen *La Belle Hélène* in its original form, or in anything like its original form. And I am prepared to bet that had they done so they would have been bored. The only light operas of the long ago likely to survive without alteration so drastic that it veers towards the complete *camouflage* are Mozart's *Figaro* (which is not really a light opera at all) and the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. There is a long, depressing tale of revivals of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and other alleged masterpieces which vastly tickled the ears and the sense of humour of our forbears, but which nowadays cost those who listen to them much boredom, and those who present them much money.

If it is vandalism, therefore, to destroy before re-building, to re-write, to re-orchestrate, and to re-everything else, let us in this respect be vandals. Mr. Cochran must, indeed, be a happy vandal, for "*Helen!*" is one of the best things he has ever done and quite the most artistic. Congratulations, too, to such vandals in attendance as Herr Reinhardt, Herr Korngold, M. Massine, and, above all, Mr. Oliver Messel. And to Mr. Frank Collins, the stage director, who for years has been wearing much of the mantle of his lamented brother Arthur, some quiet and effective vandalism must be attributed.

Those who do not know the story of Helen and Menelaus and Paris and the whys and wherefores of the battles on the plains of Troy, and whose knowledge of Homer is confined to the tradition that he occasionally nodded, I advise to buy or borrow the programme in which Mr. A. P. Herbert rubs up those rusty Greeks. If this involves a visit to the Adelphi and the purchase of seats, so much the better for them and for Mr. Cochran. As to the "book" itself, Mr. Herbert has transmogrified MM. Meilhac and Halévy in two acts and has added a third on his own account. In many ways this original act is the best of the three. Here is a case in which, throughout, the wit is rarely swamped by the production; when the swamping does occur, the production is so good that Mr. Herbert, good easy soul, joins in the general rejoicing. He is allowed to give full play to his delicious irony in the matter of licensing restrictions, the tyranny of the ham sandwich, prudish bathing-costumes, and the mug-like nobility of a country which pays its own debts and other people's and is itself never paid a drachma. That, of course, keeps him quiet. Delicious is his suggestion that England is the Menelaus of the nations, though it is an analogy I would not care to push too far. What has all this to do with Helen and Offenbach? Nothing at all. Yet if topical touches, subtly introduced, cannot be allowed to transform nineteenth century *opéra bouffe*

Pollard Crowther

THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE is recounted with much the same technique as that employed in *Le Viol de Lucrece*, by M. Auguste Bovério (left), whose Greek chorus is entitled in this play, "Le Messager." The figures on the right are symbolic of the women of France, who, during the play, pour scorn on the retreating army—a scene from the new Obey play presented by the Compagnie des Quinze at the New Theatre

the Adelphi: The Gloomy
ne: French Symbolism

AGE

into twentieth century revue, the fun would be as negligible as the profits.

Even this satire does not stand alone. Until the arrival of Mr. George Robey, "*Helen!*" was clever, amusing, and beautiful. When this great comedian appeared on the Adelphi stage with as much nonchalance as if it had been that of the Holborn Empire, those qualities remained, but a mighty robustness of humour was added. Mr. Robey is Mr. Robey whether he wears a bowler hat and a curate's frock-coat or the Messelated robes of a Greek king. Who would have him otherwise? That aggressive virility in the rôle of a complacent husband merely added to the humour of it all. Mr. W. H. Berry, as Calchas, offered sacrifices and burnt offerings with the goggle-eyed high spirits and easy sense of fun which have done duty in a score of musical comedies, and Mr. Hay Petrie made many points in the tiny part of Mercury. There can surely be no honest suggestion that "*Helen!*" is splendid but not funny.

The loveliest part of the production is Miss Evelyn Laye herself. Miss Laye grows in wisdom and, apparently, in stature, and in favour with the gods and man. Her acting is studied—possibly a concession to a *baroque* production—but she is so confident, so conquering—and so lovely. Her duets with Mr. Bruce Carfax, a comely tenor, had the grand opera ring about them. I did not care for the blonde "sporran" she wore at the back of her head in the first act—even if the brilliant Mr. Messel can quote chapter and verse for it. Miss Desirée Ellinger was boy-like and Puck-like as Orestes, and has incomparably the best voice of anyone in the company. The grouping, the colouring, the dancing are up to the best Diaghileff standard, and in some respects beyond it. If at least eight bars of the re-orchestration are as much Rheingold as Korngold, the latter has done his work irreproachably.

It has taken forty years for De Curel's play, *L'Envers d'une Sainte*, to reach London. It caused a lot of pother even in Paris in the days before perverted sex-problems and the discussion of them were considered as innocuous as "Mary had a little lamb" on both sides of the Channel. Adapted as *The Dark Saint* and produced at the Fortune Theatre, it affords Miss Sybil Thorndike a not very hilarious send-off on her approaching tour of sundry distant parts of the world. Indeed, so sombre is it that I was almost tempted to adjourn for the necessary antidote of gaiety and joy unconfined to the neighbouring Duchess Theatre to see Miss Nancy Price in Miss Glaspell's little play, *Trifles*, which concerns a dour farmer whom his wife strangles in his sleep.

The "dark saint" herself was something of a dark horse. A strange woman, who had been seventeen years a nun; she was beneath the surface a smouldering volcano of sex-repression. A disappointment in love had sent her to a convent, where her natural passion had been turned into a condition in which religiosity is dangerously mingled with sentimental adoration of the young girls who are her pupils. She leaves the convent to find that the man she loved is dead; she treats his daughter, who is very fond of her, with an unhealthy mixture of mental sadism and gushing affection. That memories of the girl's father may have had something to do with the ex-nun's efforts to make her unhappy by breaking off a betrothal is possible; that physical jealousy of the betrothed had much more to do with it is obvious. The result is that the woman is a sort of inverted Phedre. Yet she is not wholly evil; her faith in God is not humbug.

I doubt whether Miss Thorndike has ever had a more difficult task. She played the part of the ex-nun with a sort of drab ecstasy which touched just the right note. If she has played many characters which are more effective she has played none with greater intelligence. And the colossal Thorndike memory proved useful, since the part is a mass of words, as is the whole play. Miss Catherine Lacey as the young girl's mother suggested tact and sincerity. Miss May Agate was one of the few members of a tiny all-women cast who did not have to be wrapped in unfathomable gloom.

Quite one of the most joyous memories of last year's theatrical season was the visit to the Arts Theatre of La Compagnie des Quinze, the brilliant people from the Vieux Colombier. Their *Noë* and *Le Viol de Lucrece* were a revelation of a highly stylized form of quaintness which partially conceals exquisite acting instead of being (as can occur) a cloak for utter inability to act at all.

The company have now come to a larger theatre—the New. Except from a business point of view (for I feel that they will have the great support they deserve) the change is not, in the circumstances, for the better. And, *Bataille de la Marne* is undoubtedly not up to the standard of the plays in which they first introduced themselves.

That it is a war play given with rigid economy of means, and in a form of poetic symbolism, is not a drawback. Indeed, this is interesting in that it affords a contrast to our own war plays.

No, the main fault of *Bataille de la Marne* is that it is so loosely constructed and so overwhelmed with both symbolism and oratory that the drama of it is in danger of being lost. It is a detailed chronicle rather than a play—a chronicle of a tragic retreat which miraculously became a victory. But chronicles should move more swiftly than this when they are used for stage purposes. Things were badly held up by a sort of Narrator, called the Messenger, who was as boring as Wotan, and who looked much as Wotan might look if the Father of the Gods had elected to wear the many-caped coat of the Victorian cabby. Not even M. Auguste Bovério's beautiful voice could prevent him being rather trying.

A feminine counterpart was "France," played by that fine actress, Mlle Marie-Hélène Dasté. These two act as a Greek chorus to a play largely built of groups of retreating soldiers, exultant soldiers, despondent peasant women and triumphant peasant women.

Mlle Dasté had some telling moments, particularly when France dramatically called on Italy, Sweden, America, and "Madame Angleterre" to come to her aid. I had an idea that "Madame Angleterre" was not exactly standing aside at the Battle of the Marne; but if the author of this interesting, though uneven, play wishes to lump her with Sweden and America we may put it down to poetic licence and remember the courtesy due to guests whose artistry is never in doubt.

THE THREE WIERE BROTHERS in the new Hippodrome production, *Bow Bells*, are brilliant dancers. They exploit speed in concerted effects to a pitch seldom achieved before. The three girls (Misses Elaine Lettor, Betty Frankiss, and Joan Gardner) sing a song, "Hullo-Goodbye," and then the Wieres emerge from sentry boxes for their dance

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE: The two most superb impersonators on the English musical comedy stage exploit their gift for character-portrayal in "A Scottish Wedding"—an amusing item in *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome

IN PROPRIIS PERSONIS: Mr. Nelson Keys and Miss Binnie Hale, the bright particular stars of the John Murray Anderson production at the Hippodrome, which exploits various new devices of stagecraft

"TURN AGAIN": The brilliantly funny scene between the old style and new style principal boys in pantomime in which the Hales, father and daughter contribute gaiety to *Bow Bells*

THE DICTIONARY provides a deal of amusement when exploited by M. André Randall, a follower of the Chevalier school, who speaks all of six languages, and Mr. Edwin Styles

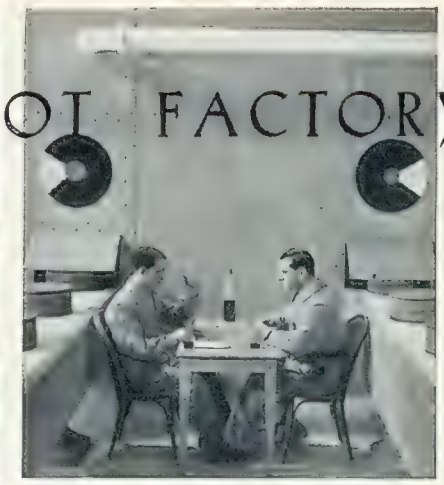
ON THE DREAM BOAT: Misses Maude Wade, Molly O'Moore, and Harriet Hoctor in the pictorial item, "Builders of Dreams," in *Bow Bells*

A ROBOT FACTORY FILMED

THE FACTORY OF THE FUTURE: The René Clair version of futuristic architecture. The contrast between this and the sets of *Metropolis* present in a *coup d'œil* the difference between the French and German treatment of a theme. Here the figures of the workers in the film are uniformly dressed and move in unison as if mechanized

REGIMENTATION: René Clair has produced a scathing satire on many aspects of modernity: the ultra-concern with hygiene and eugenics forced upon us by self-styled progressive scientists against which the voice of Chesterton has thundered for so long. It was G. K. C. who first exploited the theory that a factory and a prison were similar institutions. A physical examination is seen above

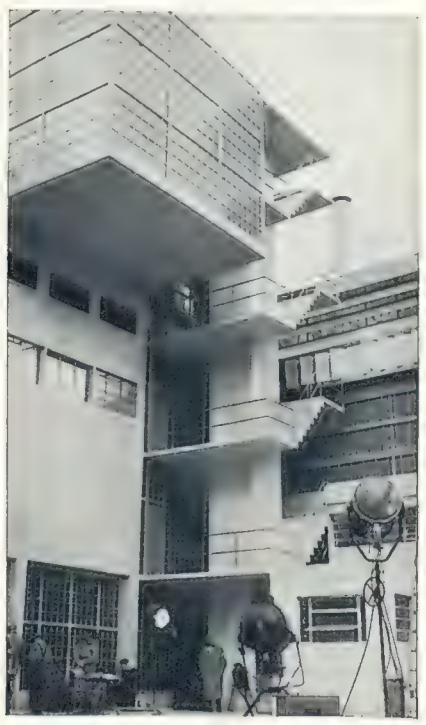
THE MECHANIZED FACTORY: The modern movement in architecture—straight lines empty spaces, sheer and stark decoration—is exploited to the full in the new René Clair film, *A Nous la Liberté*. In the prison scenes as in that of the factory, the appalling inhumanity of institutionalism is conveyed with Gaelic subtlety, the very scenery contributing to the atmosphere



WORKMEN AT WORK in a factory of the future. Everything is so highly mechanized, that the employees can pass the time playing cards over a bottle of wine

REHEARSAL: The genius of French cinematographic production, M. René Clair (seated at the right), supervises the banquet scene at the inauguration of the factory

OFFICE HOURS! So prison-like and inhuman is the modern workshop that, to preserve humanity, work is entirely machine done and the workers dance the hours away



AT EPERNAY SUR SEINE, near Paris, the entire set of the factory of the future was set up. The great arc lamps are seen in position ready for "shooting"

René Clair's new film, *A Nous la Liberté* is at least an adequate successor to his last two films, *Sous les Toits de Paris* and *Le Million*, both of which accomplished a triumphant tour all over the world.

In his latest film René Clair has ingeniously combined the advantages of silent film, sound film, and talkie, using silence, noise, and words just where each is most effective; in this way a new sort of film originated under the firm hand of a master, a dangerous experiment which, it must be admitted, ended with full success. As in his previous films, no stars have been employed in *A Nous la Liberté*, which means that almost the whole responsibility rests upon the director. The dialogue, reduced to a minimum, needs no translation at all, and the film, still in its French version (no others have been made) had, after Paris, its first great triumph in a foreign country at the recent first-night in Berlin.

The film, full of a highly polished wit in contradistinction to the blatant jokes in American films, bears from its opening sequence the stamp of the genius among French producers. Its René Clairian character is at once apparent, just as the musician at once recognizes from the opening chords whether the quality be Beethoven or Wagner.

One of the most amusing episodes occurs when a prisoner, escaping from prison, runs over a cyclist, takes the bicycle, and dashes away on it—so far a very poor joke; but one suddenly understands that the cyclist was the leading man in a long-distance bicycle race and that the prisoner, still wearing his dress with a big number on it—as racing sportsmen do—confuses the jury at the finish, and he is acclaimed as a great champion and carried round on the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd.

Another poignant episode is when the second leading character, a prisoner too, falls in love with a girl whom he knows only from her lovely singing, to which he listened beneath her window; the voice of the girl later appears to be that of a gramophone!

The scenery of the film is partly a prison, partly an ultra-modern gramophone factory, the building of which has been actually carried out down to the most minute detail in the neighbourhood of Paris.

In the story the director of this gramophone factory was formerly a prisoner, who, after escaping, created for himself a splendid commercial career; one of the most striking effects in the film occurs when René Clair draws a parallel between life in a prison and life in a factory. The pictorial parallelism is splendidly emblematized by sound and music, a symbolic use of music hitherto unknown on the screen. In order to counteract this resemblance between prison and factory life, the ex-convict director mechanizes his factory to such a pitch that at last his wares are produced automatically, and the working men and women have only to control the machines and dance the hours away.

At the end of the film, however, the director is unmasked and has to flee, together with his old friend and comrade of the prison cell; the former lost the illusion of fortune, the latter the illusion of love, but both re-found the most precious thing in life—*la Liberté*.

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A BLACK PALAIS de DANSE

Johannesburg is a city unique in the world. Not only does the city supply the world directly or indirectly with 60 per cent. of its gold supply, but it is remarkable for being one of the few cities under British jurisdiction wherein the conventions of the Southern States are observed.

For the prevalence of the negro population has rendered it essential for the authorities to create a negro community, duplicating therein all the various amusements which the whites enjoy in their city. For the negro is as imitative as the anthropoid, and, seeing his social and racial superior going to a cinema, he too wants a talkie house; seeing the Government House balls, he—and she—also demand dancing facilities.

In consequence, there has been established a black dance hall, which has proved so popular that the negroes frequent it nightly. The whole clientèle is drawn from the workers in the gold-mines. It is of interest to note, however, that members of only one tribe are allowed in on any given day; each tribe having a week day allocated to its own use.

Despite the aping of the white culture and, on occasion, even the white apparel—for at gala dinners and *bals masqués* the boiled shirt may well obscure the sable chest—the innate savagery characteristic of the comparatively low stage of evolution at which these races have arrived may well break loose. The old tribal feuds, under the intoxicating influence of masculine vanity and the presence of feminine eyes, to say nothing of the old racial jealousies under the spur of more material inebriation would be more than likely to break loose and turn the pleasure place into a charnel-house.

The advertisements of this dance hall have a naïve attraction reminiscent of manufactured "howlers": "Ladies and Gents come to this great Competition Dance and please bring your partner. Admission 2s. all round. Refreshments served by Central Native Nurses. Unity is .Strenght. Dance Club Members come along. Ask Jolly Jack Barnard's Book Shop, Commissioner Street, for Dancing Time Book," reads one. "Doctor tall fellow S.D., Manager Director. Ch. Johson Leader, P. Elias General Secretary. P. R. Domingo. M. Jack, Head Stewards. H. Harry Head Chef. Captain. Morris Doorkeeper," reads the announcement of the committee of another. "MENU — Corned Beef, Boiled Leg Mutton, Jelly and Trifle, Cold Drinks and Fruit in season. Brothers Band in full Swing," reads a third, with the footnote: "The special table will not be removed until the dance as stopped. Admission Double member, 8s. Single member, 4s. 6d. Ladies, 3s. 6d., Public admission 2s. all round." (The spelling and punctuation have not been altered !)

A fragment of an exhibition dance advertisement cannot be omitted: "I retire to remove by Extra changing Steps only So Ladles and Gents you are all invited to participate in this important function, it will be a night of nights. The SHOW will take place between 12 midnight and 1 a.m."

In addition to the evening dances *thés dansants* are also fashionable in black social circles in Johannesburg, and, in fact, any excuse for a party is eagerly accepted. On one elaborate bill the following notice appears: "During this Function some of our European friends will give speeches, also some of our home comrades on behalf of the departure of Mr. B. M. Zabale who is taking a trip homewards with his family after seventeen years absence from home. This is his first time to go home ever since he came here. WAITRESSES: twelve dames from Lourenco Marquis."

These dance halls have an interest for the student of racial evolution, for it is by this means that the negroes are being trained—gradually it may be—from their primitive alfresco orgies to the control of modern civilization.

THE PAUL JONES is the climax of the evening. The girl in the black frock is glancing with practised coquetry over her shoulder. The variety of costume rivals that at a fashionable hotel. The prevalence of spectacles is a phenomenon among the negro women. So strong is racial feeling that the rule in dance halls has been made: "One tribe—one dance; another tribe—another dance—on another night"

NIGHT LIFE IN THE NEGRO QUARTER: A scene on an undress occasion in the Inchcape Hall, Jo-burg. White turbans seem *en règle*

THE ADVERTISEMENTS of the various dance halls have a naïve appeal all their own as may be seen above. Quotations are cited in the article

THE PALAIS DE DANSE OF THE BLACKS in Johannesburg is the Inchcape Hall, although there are other similar organizations

SABLE WALLFLOWERS arrayed in their best await the request to dance. Dinner jackets are far from unknown, while kit less formal is not barred

PAS SEUL is to be seen while a young mother deems her baby in arms an adequate partner! The gaiety of the blacks is a screaming contrast to the solemnity of a "white" dance

SOUTH AFRICA: One does not usually associate ski-ing with South Africa, but here is a young enthusiastic party of skiers at Fonteintjiesberg, Worcester, Cape Province

SKI-ING IN THE EMPIRE

The ease with which it may be learned and its freedom from danger—unless the novice attempts the feats of the more experienced ski-er—have made ski-ing one of the most popular winter sports of Canada. The natural condition of forest, lake, and open country which exists near the big centres is such that it is not necessary for the enthusiast to travel far from his abode to find an enjoyable trail. On fair days streams of men and women, young and old, may be seen leaving the towns and cities carrying their skis for a hike in the hills. Contrary to reports prevalent in some parts, the climate is not only bearable but enjoyable, and the crisp dry air even in below-zero weather is most invigorating; on every trail the snow is firm of texture and deep.

Certain districts have attained especial popularity as, for instance, the lengthy slopes of Mount Royal from which the city of Montreal derives its name. Murray Bay, Quebec, is noted for the excellent trail extending from the golf course to the Manoir Richelieu, a long trail packed with thrills and excitement. The Ottawa Valley is a paradise for ski-ers, and viceregal parties are frequently seen leaving the residence of the Governor-General to enjoy the delights of the nearby trails. On the Quebec side of the Ottawa lies the Gatineau range, a wondrous sight at all times, but particularly entrancing on a calm winter night when the moon etches the shades of gaunt trees against a background of snow, and laughing figures on skis flash down the hillside into the valley. The most thrilling trails, as might be expected, are to be found in the Rockies, and throughout the winter months Banff is an important ski-ing centre.

For the amateur there are gentle slopes and safe jumps on Mount Rundle just behind the town. The experienced visitor has a very wide choice of tricky trails, one of the best being the climb to Deception Pass and the return on the slopes of Mount Ptarmigan where the trail has many windings and sudden descents dear to the heart of the seeker after excitement. Mount Skoki also has the reputation of being a thriller. There is no lack of variety at Banff, for the Baker, Sawback, and other ranges offer every conceivable type of trail.

Club lodges are established in various districts from Quebec to the Rockies, and the clubs invariably extend a hearty welcome and supply guides to visitors. Usually the local ski-ers mark the trail to indicate direction, distances, dangerous descents, and places where rest and hot meals may be obtained. Ski-jumping is extremely popular in Canada. Lofty towers and slides have been erected in suitable localities, but these precipitous slides and high jumps are not for amateurs; until they have graduated in the difficult art of ski-jumping amateurs will find abundant opportunities on the trails for safe jumping.

From July to September, ski-ing is available in South Africa. Fonteintjiesberg, Worester, Cape Province, is the great centre, and a Ski Club, with a ski-hut, has been organized.

H. C.

SOUTH AFRICA: At a height of 6,000 ft. above sea level, these youthful skiers are enjoying good sport at Worcester in Cape Province

CANADA, a party of skiers crossing a snow slope in the splendid Skoki Valley, Banff National Park

CANADA a party of skiers sidling up a snow slope in the Skoki Valley, a beautiful district in the Banff National Park

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

ERBIL:

AN ARRESTING SIGHT IN KURDISTAN: Perched on a long the ridge appears to be crowned with a mass of fortification, array on the

A year ago Nissibin was not even a name to me, yet some weeks before my journey to Iraq, it had impressed itself on my mind in large letters. Where and what exactly was this little station in Syria at which the Taurus express would deposit me in the early hours of the morning?

The tourist office gave me the following information:—"The train arrives at Nissibin at 5.20 a.m. and goes forward at 8.30 a.m." On enquiring: "What does one 'do' from 5.30 a.m.—8.30 a.m.?" I was told "You will require time for refreshments and for the mails to be sorted."

Actually we did not get out of the train till 7.15 a.m. and that seemed to me quite soon enough! Nissibin station is merely one small building in a waste of mud. Here we found the convoy of Ford cars awaiting us. We set off at once. The party consisted of—a Persian, two Russians, a Vice-Consul (English) and myself. We bumped over the muddy track to the Syrian Turkish frontier post and stopped outside a sort of barn—the Police Headquarters where we were courteously invited to drink coffee. The Customs formalities over, we bumped on again through the village of Nissibin, a collection of brown hovels with one gallant attempt at a public garden.

A little farther on and we were in the desert, not an endless expanse of rolling sand like that near the Pyramids, but an undulating plain across which winds the "road" to Iraq—through thick mud, rough grass, pools of water, and occasional patches of arable land.

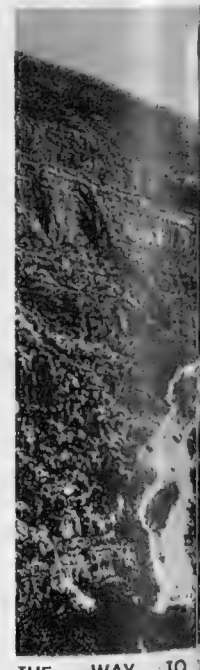
The villages are usually built on a green mound. Droves of melancholy camels passed us; goats, curious looking black and brown sheep—lorry loads of grinning, gesticulating Arabs packed so tightly together that their legs were hanging outside. The Syrian frontier was reached at Demir Kapou, where there is a French military post. Here we stopped for a few minutes. It was now about 2 o'clock and my mind was becoming almost impervious to impressions owing to lack of food. Each little black dot seen on the horizon I prayed might be the convoy from Mosul, bringing provisions, and when it "turned into" a sheep or goat, the pangs of hunger crowded out all other sensations.

A short distance from Demir Kapou we crossed the Iraq frontier and here, at last, our "Black Dot" materialized into a fleet of cars from Mosul. The little White Rest House in which we took our lunch smelt musty. This was the frontier post of Iraq. The character of the country changed slightly; it was greener—patches of daisies appeared and the road was better. Farther on my attention was arrested by a yellow streak. Eventually it dawned upon me that I was looking at the Tigris!—with its steep, yellow, sandy bank on the far side.

At last in the late afternoon appeared a little city set on a hill—Mosul, the capital of the north. Directly I got into Mosul the East hit me bang in the face—all the colour and noise and strangeness fascinated me. We arrived at the Rest House. The manager is an obliging gentleman known as "Satan"—he is exactly like his name in appearance! By nationality a Greek, he speaks five languages. He gave us a warm welcome!

The Rest House is run by the Iraq Railways. As one goes in there is a fair-sized room with a stone floor, tables set about, and curtained doors opening off. Through one door a stone staircase leads up to a writing-room, with long windows, out of which lead other bedrooms. The whole is most pleasing and refreshing after a long journey. It is a centre for the latest news; all the convoys from, and to, Kirkuk stop here, and many of the British colony at Mosul stroll in for a talk. The next day I was taken round Mosul.

Nationalities are extraordinarily mixed in Kurdistan. The driver of the car was a Syrian and a Presbyterian. We drove through the streets of Mosul teeming with Eastern life—Arabs in their long robes, Syrians wearing the fez, soldiers of the Iraq Army and R.A.F. officers, veiled women. Splashes of colour everywhere—blue appeared to be the favourite shade. We drove through the Armenian quarters by the old city walls and through the R.A.F. barracks.



THE WAY TO way from Erbil gorge country the sunny plains which flowed

The Oldest Continuously Inhabited Town in the World

narrow ridge, Erbil presents the oddest sight to the traveller. At first but the effect is due largely to the steep backs of houses in serried summit of the ridge

APRIL 13.—I set off for Erbil. Incidentally, a certain Sheikh had been causing trouble in the mountains, and it was suggested that I might not be allowed to proceed. However, as I was accompanied by a British officer there proved to be no difficulty. For about four hours we drove through the endless, bare, undulating country.

We crossed the Tigris at Guwair Ferry. It looked merely a wide, muddy stream, but I decided it would be more polite to refer to it in my Journal as "a rushing brown torrent!" At last, on a rise, we saw a great mound on the top of which was a town. This was Erbil—the oldest *continuously* inhabited city in the world! (Circa 2,000 B.C.)

One might say it has a link with every century. It was the ancient sacred city of the Assyrians, dedicated to Ishtar of Arbela, or Ashtaroth, the Goddess of Love . . . the ruins of a great temple are somewhere under the mound. It is supposed to be Ashur's city. Here Alexander the Great pursued Darius, and here Sal-ha-din ruled. It was to Assyria what Canterbury is to England.

The house in which I stayed in Erbil is a stone bungalow built round a courtyard, with a garden in the centre. We made a tour of the town that evening accompanied by the interpreter. The latter is known as Roderick the Bold—proper name Yahoa Effendi, and is a great person. He is a Kurd, wears rather shabby European clothes and a *sidarah* (Iraqui national head-dress). He speaks fair English and seven other languages. There is something vaguely appealing about him. He reminds one of a nice spaniel that wants to be patted!

I laugh when I write "town," for anything less like a town in the European sense of the word it would be hard to imagine! And yet where other towns have sprung up like mushrooms, and some perhaps crumbled away into nothing, Erbil has existed since 2,000 B.C. . . . That first evening I was chiefly struck by the narrow streets, which were not streets at all, but stony lanes, and the tall, brown buildings on either side which did not look like houses in the least. But most of all I was struck by the strangeness of the people.

The men were short, broad, and sturdy, and olive-complexioned. They wore white cotton shirts with long sleeves which crossed in front and were tucked into enormously baggy trousers, generally powder-blue. Round their waists were twisted yards of printed calico, reaching up to their arm-pits; this varied in colouring but was usually red I noticed. Their head-dress consisted *not*, as I first supposed, of a turban, but a skull cap, wound round and round with silk or cotton scarves, with the peak sticking out.

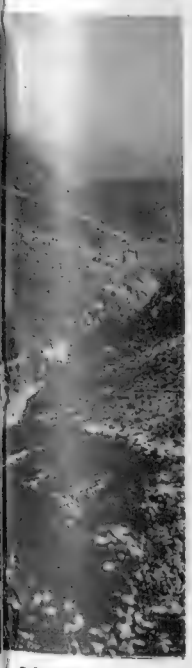
The women were mostly dressed in blue and wore the *yashmak*. The small children wore bright shawls and were loaded with ornaments. But there was not always colour—some of the people looked very drab.

We climbed the hill and looked out over the plain. Yahya Effendi invited us into his house for tea. We passed through an outer room where I noticed several women, one of whom was Yahya Effendi's wife. They were not introduced.

The following day I was taken to dine with the Muttesserif or Governor of Erbil. He is an Arab; he has a pleasant fresh-coloured face and a fair moustache. The other guests were Dervish Beg, Commissioner of Police and the Judge. The former was tall and enormous! He is always smiling and has the most infectious laugh I have ever heard.

The Judge was a little man, dark-complexioned, wearing a chocolate striped suit. He was a Turk, and possessed a great fund of stories, which, when slightly censored, were passed on to me. There was a "Shadow at the Feast." He sat at the end of the table and the expression of his dark face hardly ever changed; when it did once, at an outburst of laughter, he showed a dazzling row of gold teeth (gold teeth are much "worn" in Kurdistan). The dinner was immensely long, consisting of at least four meat courses, including a rice concoction called *Pilaff* and Manna—a sweetmeat made with nuts.

M. R. R.



ROWANDUZ: The lies through a rocky after one has left of the famous rivers out of Eden

ALDEBURGH: This little East Coast resort and fishing townlet on the Suffolk Coast is a convenient spot from which to explore a lovely patch of country full of the interest here described

ARWARTON HALL GATEWAY: A rambling tour through the district here described will reveal many fine manor houses especially in brick

A FINELY PRESERVED CASTLE: Orford Castle has preserved its central keep in much better condition than many a more imposing pile

AN EAST COAST VILLAGE: Orford, here described by one who loves its old cottages and quaint quayside life, is here seen from the castle

The MISUNDERSTOOD COAST

When, at this time of the year, friends ask me where I am going for the week-end, and I reply Orford, on the Suffolk Coast, their reaction is almost always the same. They reply "Really," shiver slightly, and smile the smile that one puts on when dealing with the feeble-minded. When, greatly daring, any of them come to stay between the end of September and the beginning of May, they arrive as if equipped for an Arctic expedition. Yet there are many others like them, for there is a popular delusion with regard to the East Coast in autumn and winter. They believe that it is bitterly cold, that the wind blows perpetually and off the North Sea, that it is bleak, and that the towns are dull and deserted except for a few hardy natives. And so that part of the East Coast which lies within accessible week-end distance of London, that is, the counties of Essex and Suffolk, is shunned by many, except in midsummer, who have accepted the popular idea without taking the trouble to see if it is right or wrong. There are some who know the East Coast well, and go there regularly summer and winter. Among them you will find a consensus of agreement, that if you like a strong bracing air, solitude and the simple pleasures of life, and if your income strictly limits your pleasures, there is no place within a hundred miles of London as good as the Essex and Suffolk seaboard.

There are two ways of judging the climate of any place. One is by the study of sunshine and temperature and rainfall charts, and such records are often deceptive—for example, the outdoor temperature at Monte Carlo at 12 midday and 5 p.m.—and the other way is personal experience. The records for the East Coast show that it gets a very fair share of Britain's sunny days, that it gets less rain than most of the country, and that its temperature is not nearly so low in winter as most people believe.

Here are a few facts that give some indication of the winter climate of Suffolk at Orford, supposedly the most exposed portion of the coast. On Boxing Day we had lunch in perfect comfort without overcoats in an open boat on the river. On the Christmas Sunday, again without overcoats, we spent the whole day on the beach. On November 1 last we ate green peas picked on the preceding day in a garden which opens straight on to the North Sea. In the same garden on Christmas Day there were roses, wallflowers, stocks, and antirrhinums in bloom. So far as the past three months are concerned, the frosts and cold winds on the Suffolk coast have been much less severe than in Surrey. At Orford I keep a small open motor-boat in commission all through the winter—a thing I could never do anywhere else before with any comfort, and there has not been a single week-end this autumn and winter when weather has prevented us from using it. There have been days of glorious sunshine, when a keen breeze has blown in straight from the North Sea, but it is the kind of breeze that makes you stretch your lungs, that blows clean away the smoke of cities, and gives you the prince of appetites.

J.B.W.

PLAGUE IN AFRICA

The effect of a swarm of locusts can scarcely be imagined; their numbers dim the sun; every air pocket for 1,000 ft. up is defined by a swirling funnel of fluttering forms; the air is filled with rustling; the sky is black with birds gorged to the crop—and the moving cloud persists for days. Traffic is stopped, for the roads and rails become impassable. That is what Kenya now has to fight

ON THE DEFENSIVE: A male locust in the position he assumes when attacked. These insects slough their skins six times before reaching maturity

THE HORSE-HEADED LOCUSTS: A near view of the equine face of the plague of Africa. The insects begin their life in the Northern deserts

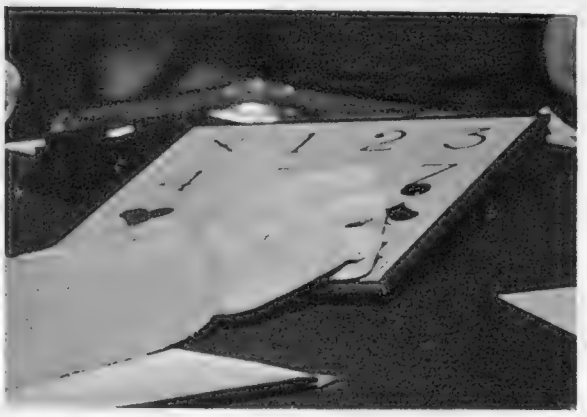
CLOSE-UP: It is little known that, when sloughing their skin—a process apparently painful—even the eyeball skin is shed

FUTURE SWARMS IN PREPARATION: A female stabs a hole in the sand and deposits the eggs therein where they lie until a rainstorm fertilises them

BRIDGE BY ROTE

MARKED CARDS! The latest device to make things easy for the neophyte contract player in the U.S.A. is the invention of a pack of cards with all honour-values marked in the margin of honour cards

COVERING A MULTITUDE OF ERRORS, this ingenious bridge cloth has in skeleton form four tables, informing every player of the value of his cards—and the bids he should make—in attack, in defence, and in response



THE INDICATOR used in the recent Crockfords v. Germany and Holland match. This circumvented both the language difficulty and the inadvertent inflexional information

The contract craze—and its tutelary genius, Ely Culbertson—have perpetrated many phenomena alien to British standards of card-playing, but the high-water mark has been reached by the two devices shown in the upper two pictures in this column: cards marked with their values under the Culbertson table; and a cloth on which four synopses—one for each player—of the Culbertson system are printed. Such devices are poor substitutes for card sense

PRISON IN COLLEGE

The student prison—or *carcer*—at Jena is similar to that of Heidelberg described in Mark Twain's *A Tramp Abroad*. Until 1909 such *carcera* were in use, for the German Universities held the right to punish their students for infractions not only of the 'Varsity but of the common law. These *carcera*—like the old Fourth Form Room at Harrow—are full of the records of students of yesteryear

BY MARTIN DISTELI: A parody of "The Rape of the Sabines," showing well-known professors, students, and townswomen of the period

THE SCRIBBLED WALLS of the *Carcer* in Jena. The student convicts imprisoned herein might have broken national, or merely University, laws

A MONKISH CELL, once an ancient Pauline cloister, was, until comparatively recently, used as one of the three *carcera* of Jena University, Thuringia.

THE INSTRUMENT OF AUTHORITY: On *left*, the *fangeisen* which, touching a student, curled round and held him

YOUNG FOLK of TO-DAY

EAST AND WEST: Miss Jane Bendir, daughter of the distinguished race-horse owner, poses for her picture in the Park while taking her Afghan hound for a walk. The breed is rapidly increasing in popularity

THE LIGHTEST JOCKEY IN ENGLAND! Master Fred Winter, the four-year-old son of Mr. Fred Winter, the Epsom trainer, is being trained as a jockey. He weighs but 2 st. 5 lb. as yet!

WATCHING THE MEET: The Earl of Sunderland regards the meet of the Cottesmore at Langham

SOCIETY IN THE PARK: Master Rodney Carritt, the Hon. Richard Law, Master David Clifton, and the Hon. Hely Hutchinson

DISMOUNT FOR SPEED! The Hon. Wendy Pelham, the daughter of Lord and Lady Conyers, in a hurry to get to a meet of the Belvoir, finds it quicker to dismount and lead—or drag—her small and shaggy mount

MISS WENDY SHIPWRIGHT, the two-year-old daughter of Captain Shipwright, is the youngest racing motorist and airwoman in the world; she often acts passenger to her father!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE DINING-ROOM SECTION of the Paris studio of the Polish artist, Tamara de Lempicka, exploits the use of steel furniture

THE USE OF A MIRROR is exploited by Miss Joyce Gardner, the professional woman billiards champion, when practising; thereby she learns her faults and corrects errors in stance or cue-action

MODERN LIFE IN A MODERN SETTING

IN THE FORM OF A SHIP: The unusual prow-like "profile" of the house at North Foreland designed by Mr. Oliver Hill

IN IVORY WHITE: The floor, walls, and ceiling of the lounge are a soft white, relieved with orange, vermilion-orange curtains, and multi-coloured lighting

THE SHIP-LIKE EFFECT of this house is seen through the tall window in this view, showing the bedroom window and balcony looking into the lounge

In the past architecture has been a conventional art with many rules and regulations which had to be obeyed. But the introduction of steel and concrete into building, combined with the greater freedom of life and thought today has changed this. The present era of aeroplanes and motor-cars, fresh air, exercise, and cocktails, calls for a different setting. Modern life demands the modern house.

Mr. Oliver Hill, in adding to a house at North Foreland, has built the new wing in the form of a ship, and the illusion is further carried out by placing a pool lined with blue tiles at the end the wing, which is shaped like the prow of the ship. The wing is built of white concrete, with windows which run vertically and longitudinally according to the lighting required inside. But although these windows are free in conception they are most satisfactory in appearance.

The construction of this modern wing is extremely interesting, for the ship motive is carried out in the interior as well as the exterior. The ground floor, or lower deck, consists mainly of a lounge hall. One end of this, lit by three tall windows, is open to the roof. At the other end a finely curving staircase leads to the upper floor or deck. A bedroom occupies most of the space over the lounge hall, with a window and balcony looking into the open portion of the lounge.

The floor, walls, and ceiling of the lounge are ivory white, while the curtains are an orange-vermilion colour.

MISS DIANA LANG, the daughter of Mrs. Jean Lang, the writer, in the rôle of the fishwife, in *The Hat Shop*, acted in Selkirk by amateurs

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON, one of London's most distinguished hostesses

MISS ENGLAND: Miss Gwen Stallard who will represent this country in the Europe section of the world beauty contest

MISS CAMPBELL RUSSELL, a star in *Walk This Way*, is a member of the Equestrian Club polo team

A SURVEY OF THE

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES, returned from Sandringham, go for a drive in the bright winter sunshine. They are two of the very few Londoners to retain horse-transport (other than riding)

SPACE-SAVING: The chimney-piece in blue slate has narrow book-shelves on each side, below which are camouflaged coal-cupboards

MISS DENMARK, who is one of the strongest competitors for the title of Miss Europe, is seen on the right in a gown executed in a material reminiscent of the Edwardian era; on left she is seen in the same gown swathed in a cloak with a ruched collar

MLLE GITA ALPAR, the Hungarian actress who is making her London début, it is announced, in *Dubarry*

THE DOG'S BATH SHOP in Kensington, whose purpose is seen above, is a recent development of caninology

A CLASSIC AND MODERN BACHELOR FLAT

A comfortable and charming flat of four rooms, including the bathroom — four rooms so decorated that they deserve recognition as uncommonly good examples of Queen Anne, Georgian, and modernistic styles. Such are the characteristics of a recently equipped suite of rooms in York Street, Baker Street. The four rooms are the pine parlour, the study-bedroom, and the "cabin"—also the bathroom already mentioned.

Although these interiors are excellent representatives of style they are also not deficient in original features. In the parlour and the bedroom the ceilings have been painted with successive coats of different colours and then lightly wax polished, the result being a warm cream or ivory faintly shot with delicate hues according to the play of light. The decorator responsible for these rooms, Mr. Albt. van der Velde, has had the walls of the study-bedroom painted with a tone which he describes as "ice" colour. It is a light and very attractive shade, but on looking at it closely it is seen to be neither white nor cream nor grey—neither is it a pale shade of blue or green—it literally has the frosted, many-tinted look of ice.

Another unusual feature is the absence of handles to the doors, for all doors are opened and closed with specially designed keys which only disengage from the locks when held at a certain angle.

The curtains, pelmet, and coverings in the cabin are in a crushed velvet of Allan Water blue, to tone with the blue of the mirrors with which the tops of all the fitments are lined. These mirrors throw a wonderful blue gloss on to the polished wood ceiling.

THE CABIN which can be used as sitting-room, dressing-room, or spare room

THE QUEEN ANNE PARLOUR is panelled in stripped pine; the furniture is in antique walnut

THE BATHROOM presents a study in dark and light amethyst; the door is faced with mirror; the curtains are of oiled silk

"COOT-SHOOT"

A Norfolk Hardy Annual

ON HICKLING BROAD: Colonel Serscold and Mr. P. Perrin, the distinguished Essex cricketing veteran, go out after "Dutch" coot. The birds, flying in great numbers from low country to fen country, must be kept down as they damage the valuable reed harvest and even Spring wheat

THE BATTLE LINE: A scene on Hickling Broad, owned by Lord Desborough. Numbers of locals and visitors are invited to "have a bang" at the multitudinous Dutch invaders. The method is to catch the birds between guns ambushed in the reeds and the advancing line of punts, extending the length of the Broad, which drive them towards the former

THE BAG: Some of the 1,000 odd coot shot during the annual drive against the invading army of coots. The birds, which are clumsy both on and rising from the water, have a turn of speed in the air, averaging to fly at 45 m.p.h. When driven, they go straight up in the air, to be caught in a cross-fire

MR. GEOFFREY COLMAN, the son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Norfolk, is seen in his punt. A line of some twenty-five punts, filled with guns, drives the coots towards the guns ambushed in the reeds

MR. JIM VINCENT the leader of the "Armada" (repelling Dutch birds, not Spanish warships!) organized to curb the maleficent activities to reeds and grain that unlimited coot invasion would entail

BOOTED FOR THE SPORT: Captain van Neck, Chief Constable of the County, a distinguished sportsman, believes in wrapping up well for the icy coot-shoot to which all supporters of the local shoots are annually bidden

A CRACK SHOT: Captain van Neck, Chief Constable of Norfolk, displays his marksmanship. The shooting is done from a rocking punt in a bitter north-east gale

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THE PETROL WORLD

The RILEY "NINE": An "AUTO"BIOGRAPHY

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE RILEY "NINE" ON THE ROAD.—At the suggestion of Messrs. Boon and Porter, Ltd., the well-known motor agents of Castlenau Avenue, Barnes, S.W., I recently tested a 1932 Riley "Nine" over a distance exceeding 300 miles. The particular model placed at my disposal was one of the "Plus Ultra" series with two carburettors and a saloon body having a sliding roof. The Riley is no stranger to me, in fact I think I have driven every year's model since the War, and as each year comes round I literally puzzle my brains to think how the manufacturers can incorporate any improvements for the following season. The 1932 car certainly leaves me guessing as to how they can better the performance of the chassis, or the comfort of the body.

In these days of economic disturbances and shortage of money the Riley "Nine" is bound to be far more popular than ever before. I would not call it what is properly known as a "cheap" car to buy, but once the money has been invested, it is invested well, for the second-hand value is comparatively high and the running costs are ridiculously low. In the true and satisfactory meaning of the words it is an economical motor-car.

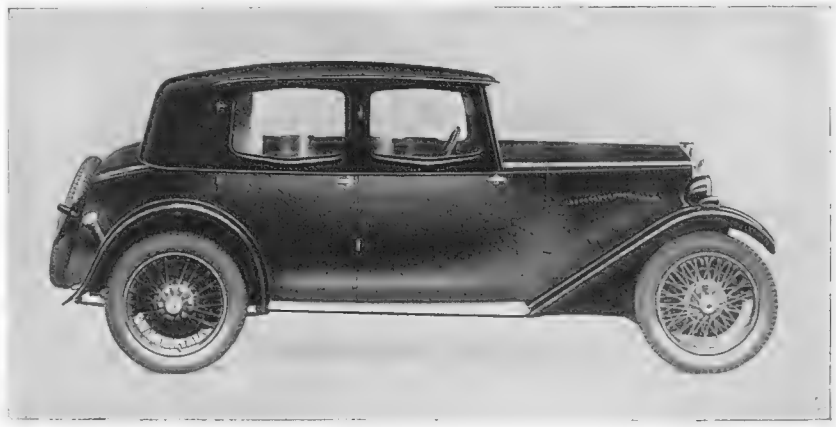
The first impression gained by the driver of one of these two carburettor Riley "Nines" is the amazing ability of the car to perform not only like a high-bred sports vehicle but also like a slow moving spongy 30-h.p. American creation. I certainly expected to find that I could travel along at a speed in excess of a genuine 65 m.p.h. and this I did easily, but I never anticipated that I should be able to accelerate on quite stiff gradients from 10 m.p.h. upwards whilst still in top gear. This I did on many occasions, and although I used ordinary No. 1 spirit I could never make the engine knock or pink.

As a matter of fact the gear-change is so easy, and the silent third so intriguing, that no one has a legitimate excuse for not changing down and getting the best out of what really is a very good motor-car. But this strange attribute of a small engine pulling well at remarkably low revs. so fascinated me that on many occasions I changed my driving to the kind I would employ when at the wheel of a high-powered town carriage.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the RILEY "NINE."

Engine—4 Cylinders.
Valves—Overhead.
Bore and Stroke—60·3 mm. and 95·2 mm.
Ignition—High Tension Magneto.
Carburation—Twin S.U.'s.
Clutch—Single Plate.
Transmission—Enclosed Drive and Final Spiral Bevels.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Springs—Semi-Elliptic Front and Rear.
Brakes—Pedal operates all Four Wheels; Lever, Rear Wheels only.
Electrical System—12 volt.
Petrol Tank—7½ gallons.
Annual Tax—£9.
Price of Car Tested—£332 10s.

Manufacturers:
RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY.

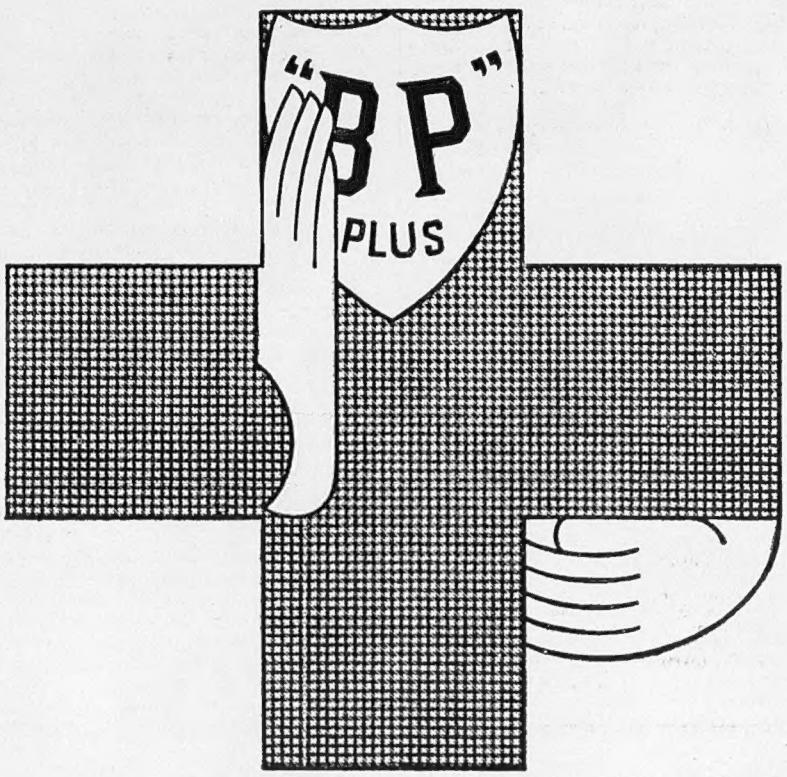


POPULARITY BREEDS CONTENT: The Riley "Nine" Plus Ultra Monaco Saloon, a model similar to that tested by Mr. Bradley over a distance exceeding 300 miles, a detailed report of which appears in the accompanying article

THE BENEFIT OF RACING EXPERIENCE.—Not only does this Riley "Nine" accelerate well and travel quickly but it holds the road like a leach, is beautifully sprung, and the controls are pleasant to operate. After sitting at the wheel for ten miles I was able to discern that the designers and makers of the car had had racing experience. In other words, it is a thoroughbred which is a real joy to drive, rather than just a piece of mechanism which will transport human beings from one place to another.

So many things about the car please me that I find it difficult to differentiate. One morning when it was particularly wet and cold a friend of mine, who had never sat in a Riley before, went out to my garage, unknown to me, and started it up almost at the first push of the starter button. This ability to start easily cannot be given too much emphasis. Another point which struck me was the rapid way in which it warmed up when first taken out. There was no necessity to cover ten miles of what is often purgatory with the carburettor popping and banging. The Riley "Nine" is undoubtedly a small car so far as the engine is concerned, but it is a large car in every other way. It takes a full complement of adult passengers at speeds higher than that obtainable by many cars of twice its power, and I proved to my entire satisfaction that even fitted with two carburettors the petrol consumption is on the right side of 30 m.p.g. In these hard times this fact is most important, and from what I know depreciation is lower than with many other cars.

UNFAVOURABLE CONDITIONS—I did some quite long journeys with rain pouring down over twisty roads, and although the car was strange to me I made it sail along at a fairly high average without feeling I was taking undue risks as regards myself or other road users. It is always pleasant to know that your car will go exactly where it is placed whether the road is wet or dry, and that when the brakes are applied the car will stop in a short distance without tail-wagging or any unpleasantness. These points, which are so prominent on the Riley, make driving really pleasant, even when conditions are far from favourable.



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AND that is no idle claim, but a fact. For it is quite unnecessary to make exaggerated claims for the Aga Cooker. You would expect a Scientist and a Nobel Prize Winner to produce rather an amazing cooking stove—and he has.

Briefly then, here is a stove which, instead of wasting it, *uses* 85 per cent. of the heating power of its fuel—coke or anthracite. Result, the Aga, burning day and night all the year round, consumes at the most 25 cwt. of fuel in twelve months. That is why *men* like the Aga—for its amazing economy.

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Because it is so labour-saving, so clean and cool to live with. You need refill it only once every 24 hours, and riddle it only twice. Each job takes about a minute and is as simple as A.B.C.

The surfaces of the Aga are glazed non-cracking enamel; the metal parts are plated. The Aga burns continuously day and night and is always ready—even first thing in the morning. No other cooker is as easy or convenient to cook on. There is nothing to go wrong. The Aga, in fact, is a revelation, years in advance of its time.

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BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 228)*

landladies and visitors, in short, all the characters to be found in a small, seaside place. Mr. Brown is a little unkind to the old families: "they had given their brains to breeding their horses; their furniture was mated by chance"; but he enjoys the general folly of mankind and sees good nature prevailing amid the chaos.

I have been through the cotton belt, across the Carolinas, and down into Texas. I have made the acquaintance of the "poor whites," those descendants of early English settlers who have deteriorated in the backwoods, and I have been to "square dances." For this reason I have enjoyed a story of the cotton country, *The Cabin in the Cotton* by Harry Harrison Kroll (Constable. 7s. 6d.) who obviously knows the country intimately and has the gift of presenting the scene with fidelity and romance. Planters, poor whites, negroes, the flat country of the Mississipi, the small villages with their inhabitants of incredible ignorance, prejudice, and blind passion, all these things fill Mr. Kroll's picture. English readers may have some trouble with English as it is written and spoken in America, especially in the Southern States—"the gumbo road wriggled ahead of him, a tone darker than night, like a huge water mocassin bellying across the drift"—but this should not deter them from an excellent folk story.

Miss Georgette Heyer's *Footsteps in the Dark* (Longmans. 7s. 6d.) is a conventional crime mystery story with a shameless use of the old constitutents—a ghost, an old house, secret cupboards, a gang of counterfeiters operating, a lovely heroine. The secret is well preserved to the end, but the end seems hardly worth all the trouble involved. If reading is for the sake of wasting time Miss Heyer's story fills its mission. There is some good writing thrown away.

HEARD BUT NEVER SEEN—*(Continued from p. 225)*

suggestions that members of the staff must comport themselves in their private lives with the decorum demanded of diplomats.

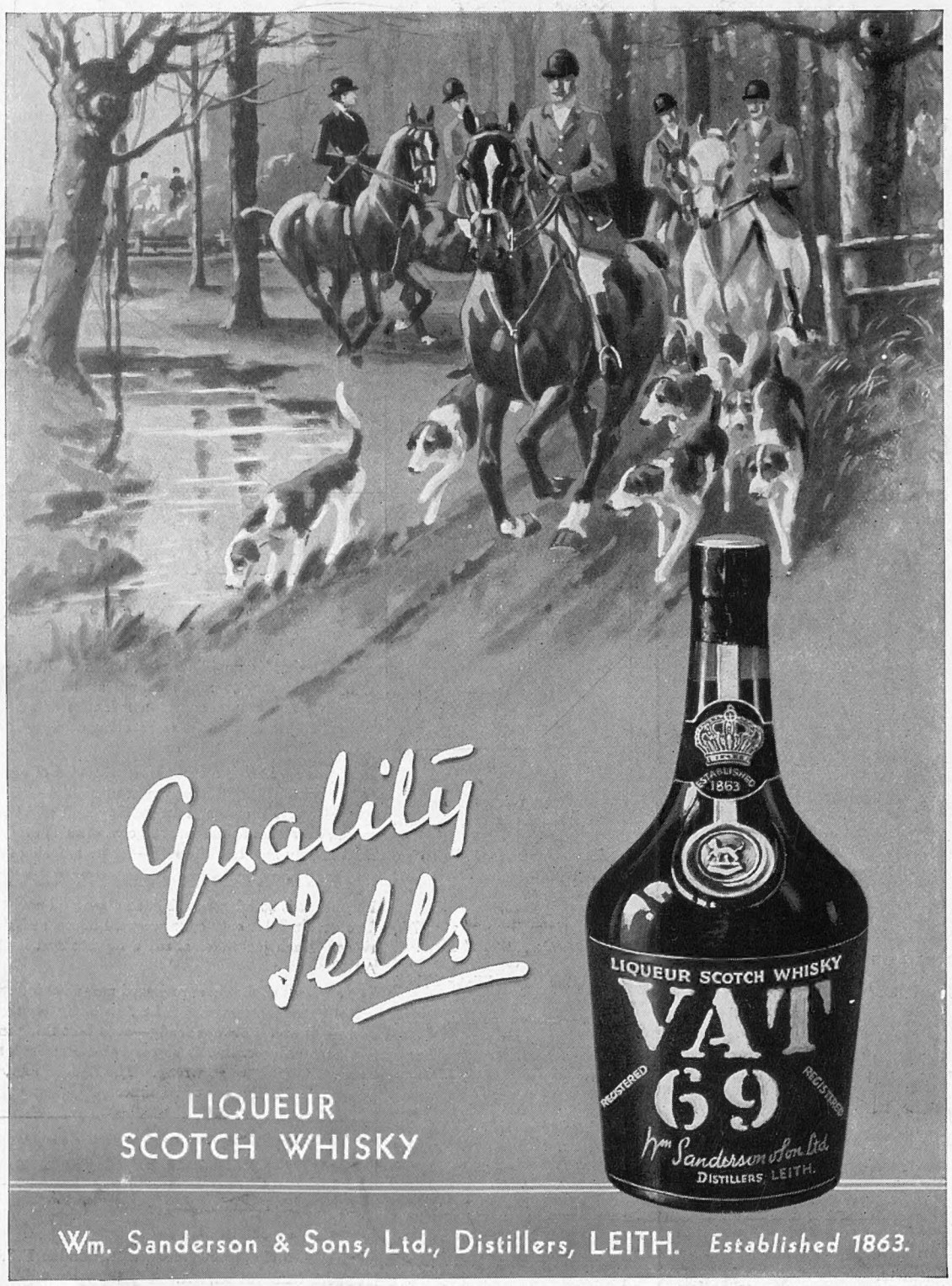
Sir John is certainly a big man. He has built up the organization from its first beginnings, and though he may have many critics and even enemies, he knows his own mind and gets what he wants.

"All the letters we receive, and they amount to about 90,000 a year," he said to me, "are carefully considered. Although only 5 per cent. are not appreciative, and although there is an enormous increase in the number of licences issued, we cannot shout round London to say how excellent we are, because we would have to be very bad indeed if our service was not worth ten shillings a year. Only a very small proportion of the letters are constructive, but we answer them sympathetically because it creates good will. *I cannot call to mind any occasion where we have actually made alterations as a result of the criticisms*, but I do not put this possibility out of court. People who accuse us of giving dull programmes should remember that there is always an alternative to the educational talks. We personally do not believe either in under-rating or over-rating the intelligence and taste of the general public."

Altogether, Sir John Reith seemed quite contented with life. He is the supreme dictator of 65,000 hours a year—for that is the total annual time taken up by the wireless.

He is the Great Mogul of the B.B.C., and his somewhat depressed staff, and the still more depressed public, know it.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It has been pointed out to Mr. Charles Graves that he has not made it perfectly clear that the rate of £35 per million mentioned in his article on Insurance is the rate of the allowance paid by Fire Insurance offices for the maintenance of the London Fire Brigade and is not the premium paid by householders against the risk of fire.



THE PEACE CONFERENCE
(Continued from p. 219)

And they are full of arrières-pensées. America hopes for a cheap naval supremacy; ourselves, in a measure, for the appearance of parity on the cheap; Italy wants equality with France, also as cheaply as can be; Germany wants to re-arm; France to do as she pleases until she gets security; Russia to play havoc with the "bourgeois" defence system. And each of us digs in behind this thesis. A dozen years after Versailles there is no semblance of pulling together and organizing some central authoritative force which must be obeyed—surely the one eventual way out, but which can be approached only by the sacrifice of a percentage of sovereignty?

Armaments have augmented in an appalling manner since 1927. The race is already "on," and if Geneva can do no more than halt it for breathing and reasoning space it will have deserved well of the Western world. There have never been such preparations as for this Conference. Ever since the rejection of the Protocol back in 1924-5 investigations under all heads have been mounting in piles of documentation. Here are some of the points to be raised in commission:—

Should all armaments be considered as interdependent or regulated separately (land, sea, air)? France holds out that one arm depends on the other.

Should (a) chemical warfare, (b) submarines, (c) bombing machines, be banned? Britain suggests this but has not much support, some countries holding that it would be a mistake to make war less horrible, since that might act as an incitement.

Can commercial air fleets be internationalized and their engines allowed only up to certain categories?

Should trained reserves be included in the limitation of land forces?

Should war material be regulated by quantity or by expenditure?

Some form of International control is imperative. What form could this take? How could hidden armaments and tricks be guaranteed against? And would a country like America submit to any control at all? And who could trust the Soviet, whatever it signed?

Should nations agree to spend so and so much on their defence and then be able to spend that sum as they like? Here is much rivalry of opinion, not the least forceful remarks hailing from America where labour is so dear, that countries like France and Italy could get twice the work done for the same amount.

Most of us wish for category treatment of navies, but France and the smaller maritime lands hold out for global tonnage which would enable concentration on submarines and cheaper vessels.

What is going to be done about the potential war strength of nations? Germany could be regulated down to little to-day, if other lands followed suit, but what of the war capacity of Germany's industrial plant and natality some day?

Can pacts of mutual assistance be proceeded with?

There are a round ten problems; one could go on and on, for out of each branch other questions of little less import. All the time the Conference remains in session moral disarmament will be in the air, argue some, financial and economic disarmament being included in the picture. That is the roseate view. Another is that Germany will not agree to a further truce should such be proposed, that she may violate the arming clauses of the Treaty and so give cause to France to take certain measures.

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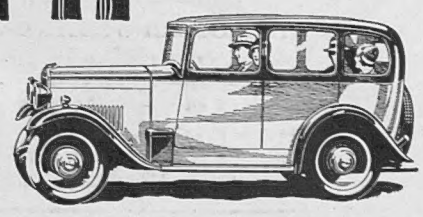

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In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .

At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.

"What's she slowed down for, Third?" he asked anxiously. "In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."

"Nothing wrong with us, sir," answered the Third Officer, "but there's a dismasted barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me . . ."

"Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. "Who is she?"

You'll keep on reading when once you start "SALVAGE," *a drama of the sea, by P. C. Wren—author of "Beau Geste."*

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BRITANNIA AND EVE

MORE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT EACH MONTH—TO MAKE SURE, PLACE A REGULAR ORDER

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 13, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.